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THE ROYAL WEDDING: H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE OF WALES TRIES ON HER WEDDING DRESS EN FAMILLE.

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A SARDONIC SMILE.

ACCORDING to the late Mark Pattison a sardonic smile is a smile in which one indulges when making a joke at one's own expense. In very early times, we are told, the natives of Sardinia were wont to eat such of their countrymen as were worn out by age. But, as manners grew milder, it was not thought seemly that a patriarch should be thus doomed without his own consent; and, in proof that his consent was freely given, he was himself chosen to bid the guests. Such was the force of public opinion that the veteran always issued the invitations to the supper where, in Hamlet's phraseology, he would not eat but be eaten. The courteous smile which beamed on the old gentleman's countenance as he was doing this last act of hospitality is the prototype of all sardonic smiles.

YES, THE RUPTURED will still find Dr. Sherman at his London office, 64, Chancery-lane, where his wonderful success draws the afflicted from all parts of England, and where you and all others should go who entertain the hope of ever being cured. Our advice is, send for his books, English and American, post-free for 6d. in stamps, and inform yourselves.—[ADVT.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to the Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

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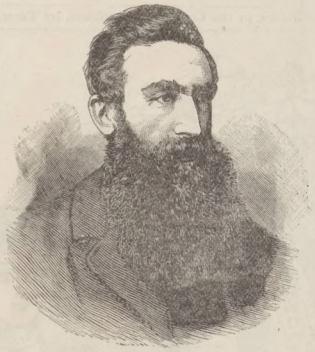
PERSONAL POLITICS

Mr. Storey.

ONE of the leaders of the Radical campaign against the Royal grants is Mr. Storey, the



MR. SAMUEL STOREY, M.P.

member for Sunderland. Mr. Storey is a familiar figure in politics and journalism. Radicals, especially of the old Republican school, have long known the tall, gaunt figure, set off by the thin face, with the high cheekbones, dark sparkling eyes, and patriarchal beard, a sonorous voice, and clever, rather eccentric, form of speech which mark the preachy member for Sunderland. Mr. Storey, however, is something more than a Radical speaker and member. For a considerable time he was one of the proprietors of the *Echo*, and practically edited and directed the tone of that paper's policy. The *Echo* has, in turn, belonged to Mr. Passmore Edwards, to Mr. Storey, and to Mr. Carnegie, and again to Mr. Passmore Edwards; and big sums, from £70,000 to £100,000, have changed hands in the processes. Mr. Edwards is now installed as the sole proprietor and director of the paper which he founded. But Mr. Storey stuck to his last: he is the proprietor of the *Sunderland Evening Echo* and the *Portsmouth Evening News*. When he was on the *Echo* he collected around him a staff of able and energetic young men who gave a certain life and variety to the columns of the paper, which was at that time a new feature in London journalism. Mr. Edwards is a proprietor of a more conservative type, and the *Echo* has now taken to its earlier rather than its later features. Mr. Storey, by-the-way, has been partially invalided for a considerable period, but a long tour in the States, of which he sent graphic accounts to his own papers, has done much to set him up again. He talks with a slight drawl, says good things occasionally and quaint things often, and has made one or two effective speeches, which are none the worse for an independence of tone. He is a typical Radical member.

The Woman Question.

There is a good deal of talk about the prospects of the Women's Suffrage Bill. At present they do not strike me as being particularly brilliant, and for the simple reason that women themselves are hopelessly divided on the subject. We have had appeals and counter-appeals, arguments and their answers, manifestoes on one side and on the other; but the fact which most tells against the progress of the movement is that even what are known as "political women" are not keen on the subject of the enfranchisement of their sex. The Women's Liberal Federation has carefully steered clear of the question; and though a few prominent Primrose Leaguers are solemnly in its favour, others, including the advanced section led by Lady Randolph Churchill, are equally strong in opposition to it. I see that Lady Dilke, in the new number of the *Universal Review*, tells a story of a Peer who took a lady down to dinner, and asked her whether she was in favour of Women's Suffrage. The lady replied "Yes"; whereupon the Peer answered, "What a bore! I can no longer say that every woman I ever met was against it." Even the opposition of a large section of women to the suffrage does not end the trouble and the travail of Women's Righters. They cannot really agree on their own Bills, and a vigorous war is being waged between the party which is simply for enfranchising the women householders and that which goes for the general enfranchisement of women. The first proposal seems to offer all sorts of objections, which have not hitherto been recognised, and the second looks too large altogether. The women's camp, too, is split up by the Home Rule question, and Mrs. Fawcett has led off one section, with colours flying and drums beating, from the hitherto united host. Altogether, things do not look particularly promising for an early extension of the Parliamentary suffrage to women.

Lady Dilke.

The mention of Lady Dilke reminds me that that able and charming lady is now back in England with Sir Charles Dilke. There are very few women who inspire more devoted friendships than Lady Dilke. She is a scholar, and a specialist in the study of the Grand Siècle, an excellent linguist, speaking French as well as English with perfect purity of accent and idiom, and she unites with these abilities the feminine qualities which so many learned ladies lack. Her accomplishments, too, are varied. She fences admirably, she rides, and she has travelled much. About the middle height, with a perfect figure, bright grey eyes, and a manner cordial, sincere, and sympathetic, she is a tremendous worker, a delightful talker, and naturally has many friends. She and her husband are inseparable, she being devoted to him and he to her. She shares in all his pastimes and pleasures, invariably accompanies him in his travels, and, of course, has a sincere belief in his innocence and his ability to win back his old position in public life.

Sir James Picton.

So Sir James Picton is gone at last. The old Knight was for years one of the most familiar figures on the Liverpool Exchange. He died a very rich man, and he began life as a very poor one. But step by step he rose, until his fame as an architect grew through all the land. Like his eldest son, he was a very small man, and, like him, his enthusiasm ran in the direction of social reform. His work in connection with free libraries will never be forgotten, and not only his great wealth but his singular abilities and his self-culture were always at the service of the cause he loved. He was always at work, always *at* his favourite questions. His taut little figure was as well known as any in Liverpool, where, indeed, he was part of the life of the place. By simply writing the law reports of the *Times* every day for forty or fifty years he had added to his wonderful stock of knowledge a quite phenomenal acquaintance with law. In fact, he was always surprising his friends with his learning on all sorts of recondite subjects. He was a thoroughly honest, simple, sturdy little man. He lived like a Spartan, and had a face like a griffin.

Mr. James Allanson Picton, M.P.,

oldest son of Sir James, is a very well-known figure in political and Nonconformist circles. I suppose many of my readers are familiar with the small face, almost hidden in the beard and moustache, plain but interesting, and with a certain wistful and also solid look about it which bespeaks the man of thought and culture, the dry voice, precise Lancashire accent, and slow method of speech, and the tiny five-feet nigh figure which mark the junior member for Leicester. Mr. Picton is not one of the great successes of the House: his manner, caught in the old preaching days, is rather against him. But neither is he a failure. He is too honest, too straightforward, and too thoughtful for that. There was a time, of course, when Mr. Picton's career seemed to promise something entirely different from what it has turned out to be, now that the Congregational minister has turned into the Radical apostle. In the old days Mr. Picton was a minister at Leicester, and afterwards at Hackney, one of the leaders of a kind of Broad Church movement in the Congregational Union. He wrote an eloquent, pathetic, interesting book on broad lines. But that and his propagandism proved too much for the Union. There was a conference, and the advanced men failed, Picton and Mark Wilks, the two prominent men in the movement, left the Union—one to turn to School Board work and an independent Ministry; Mr. Picton, to Radicalism and the House of Commons.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

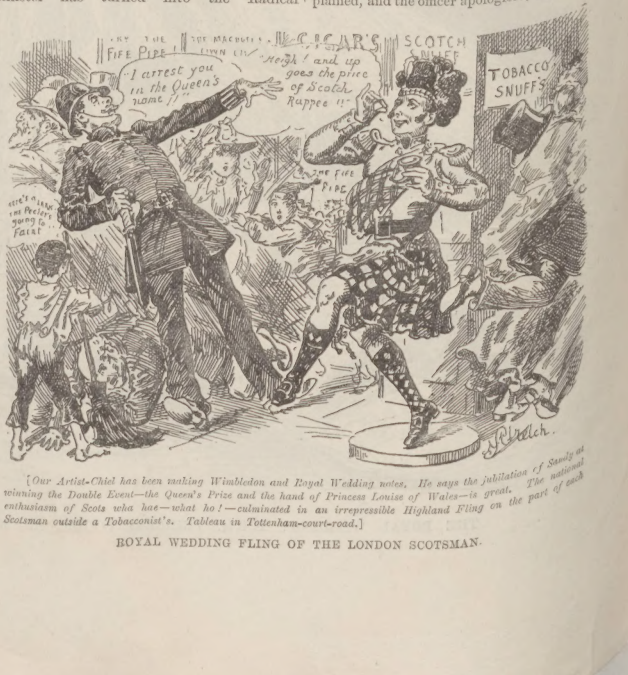
FACTS AND FACES.

The Royal Wedding

at Buckingham Palace, on Saturday, July 27, will close a brilliant London Season with that welcome fillip of festivity which it is a manifest duty of her Majesty's Court to promote. The incursion of thousands of Americans and Australians—the Hôtel Métropole still overflows with them, urbane Mr. William T. Holland tells me—the grand series of fêtes in honour of the Shah of Persia; and the goodly round of Society balls and parties have combined to make London's Summer Season memorably lively. The forthcoming marriage of her Royal Highness Princess Louise of Wales and the Earl of Fife fitly "crowns the edifice." Whatever clap-trap politicians may aver in Parliament, there is, undoubtedly, considerable popular sympathy with this auspicious Royal match. It was my pleasing duty on Saturday last, at a semi-public dinner, to propose the Royal toast, and a reference to the fact that a fair Royal Princess was about to wed a British nobleman (with the accent on the *British*) elicited a cordial round of sympathetic cheers. I merely mention this incident to show which way the wind blows. The truth is, the Prince and Princess of Wales are the most popular Prince and Princess in Europe; and the British public is taking the deepest interest in the union of their eldest daughter, one of the most charming English rosebuds of girls, with the Earl of Fife. It is a love-match. So we have been assured on the authority of the Prince, whose affectionate attachment to his children is one of the most admirable traits of his Royal Highness's character. That Princess Louise and Lord Fife are very fond of each other has been evident to all who have seen them together in public since their betrothal. Every loyal subject of her Majesty must heartily wish the happy couple the most felicitous of honeymoons, and a continuance of married life as blissful and unclouded as that of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, who are just celebrating their Golden Wedding.

Lord Tennyson's Epithalamium.

It is stated that the Queen has commanded an Epithalamium, from the Poet Laureate on the occasion of the marriage of Princess Louise of Wales. "Commanded" is, perhaps, hardly the right word. It sounds like an order given to the grocer or butcher. No doubt Lord Tennyson would regard a request as a command, but he has not been quite up to the poetical high-water mark of late. The volume which will shortly be published was mainly written at his palatial residence at Haslemere, which, however, it is no secret Lord Tennyson has never regarded with the affection he cherished for his Farringford house, where he has lately gone to recruit. When in the Isle of Wight some years ago, I was told of an absurd incident of the Laureate's life when first taking up his residence at Farringford. He had gone out enveloped in a rough loose cloak to look at the sea, which was dashing upon the shore grandly. He was challenged by the coastguard, but, absorbed in contemplation of the sea, the poet did not reply after being thrice summoned in the name of the law. Whereupon the coastguard insisted on the stranger coming to the station and explaining his object in coming at that lonely spot. The matter was soon explained, and the officer apologised, saying he had



[Our Artist-Chiel has been raking Wimbledon and Royal Wedding notes. He says the jubilation of Sandy at winning the Double Event—the Queen's Prize and the hand of Princess Louise of Wales—is great. The national enthusiasm of Scots wha hae—what ho!—culminated in an irrepressible Highland Fling on the part of each Scotsman outside a Tobacconist's. Tableau in Tottenham-court-road.]

ROYAL WEDDING FLING OF THE LONDON SCOTSMAN.

mistaken the poet *for a smuggler*. How charmingly he has described the spot in the lines to the Rev. F. D. Maurice, inviting him to his home in the Isle of Wight!—

Where far from noise and smoke of town
I watch the twilight falling down,
And round a careless-order'd garden,
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

It seems hardly possible that sixty years have passed since the poet won his first distinction at Trinity College, Cambridge, where, in 1829, his was the prize poem on the subject "Timbuctoo," a name which somebody defied Sydney Smith to find a rhyme to. He, however, responded with the lines—

In the vale of Cassawarrie,
By the plain of Timbuctoo,
There I ate a missionary—
Body and bones and *hymn-book too!*

Mrs. Kendal's Versatility.

In the banquet given to Mr. and Mrs. Kendal previously to their departure for America some pretty compliments were paid to the actress, but one of the most striking features was not referred to—her versatility. Not another actress on the stage has had such a varied experience. In 1852, when only four years of age (the Cruelty to Children Bill had not then been thought of), she appeared as the blind child in "The Seven Poor Travellers," at the Marylebone Theatre; and as Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at Bristol, when she was seven years of age. Her first appearance in London was at the Haymarket, July 29, 1865, as Phelia, Walter Montgomery being Hamlet, and a little later at the same theatre she appeared as Desdemona to the Othello of Ira Aldridge, the black tragedian. A host of characters—fifty, perhaps—were played during a provincial tour; and next she was heard of at the Haymarket, playing with Sothern in "A Hero of Romance." Here Mrs. Kendal had appeared in sentimental scenes which have been so marked in many of her parts since she was in "The Palace of Truth," and afterwards she was wonderfully successful in "Pygmalion and Galatea." If I had space to give a list of the hundreds of characters Mrs. Kendal has played, I could easily prove her to be the most versatile of modern actresses. Margaret Robertson was born at Great Grimsby, March 15, 1848. May I be forgiven for this, and also for stating that Kendal is a *nom de théâtre* for William Hunter Grimston, Mr. Kendal's real name? One reason for referring to Mrs. Kendal's experience in serious parts is the astonishment some of her admirers express at her success in such characters after her long career in comedy. But, as I have already remarked, Mrs. Kendal is a versatile actress.

Explaining Wagner.

Now that a host of Wagnerian pilgrims are enjoying at Bayreuth the mysteries of the master's latest opera "Parsifal," an enthusiastic admirer, Mr. W. Ashton Ellis, has translated the "Key to Parsifal," by Hans Von Wolzogen. This semi-sacred opera has always been something of a mystery even to the most devout of Wagner's disciples, but with Hans Von Wolzogen's "key" they can unlock the musical casket and comprehend its treasures. Ordinary opera-goers will, I fear, hardly go with the writer to the extent of discovering that "certain wailing sounds" in the score refer to the "Saviour's wounds," and that another musical passage is supposed to indicate "the movement of the spear" with which the wounds on the Cross were inflicted. There are many other very curious suggestions in this book, but I have become utterly mystified with the "explanation of Parsifal," and must look in and see "Die Meistersinger" again. Happily that does not require Von Wolzogen's explanation.

THE EARL OF FIFE IN HIGHLAND COSTUME.

"Poor Jack,"

who has to face the dangers of the deep, and to pass through many weary hours on board ship, may rejoice in the knowledge that there's a sweet little cherub that, in Dibdin's phrase, sits up aloft and looks after his welfare. Still, Jack would unquestionably be solaced after many a lonesome watch could he but find ready at hand a batch of *Penny Illustrated Papers* (say) to remind him of "How the World Wags" ashore. Under these circumstances, I give publicity with pleasure to the appeal of Mr. R. F. Winter, who writes that the St. Andrew's Waterside Mission employs a steam-yacht on the river Mersey on this sociable errand; and that he will be happy to receive postal parcels of periodicals for this purpose, addressed to him at 17A, South Castle-street, Liverpool.

The "Sea-Green" Robespierre.

Everyone has something to say about the French Revolution just now. Why should I not say a word about one or other of the great makers of that Revolution? Perhaps their "faces" are every whit as interesting as those of the men of our own day. There is Robespierre, for example, only five feet high, with eyes small and weak and face pitted by the small-pox, complexion dull and sometimes livid, and hence called by Carlyle "the sea-green," and voice dry and hard. He usually, we are told, wore spectacles, although, like the Shah, he doubtless preferred to be portrayed without them.

ROBESPIERRE.

The Judgment of Posterity.

What has the impartial voice of history to say about this man? For years he was an ogre in our eyes, then he was whitewashed, as is the custom of our time; but now we can be fair and just. Robespierre's name is associated with some of the worst crimes of the Revolution; but, strangely enough, he started with a perfect horror of bloodshed. In boyhood the untimely death of a favourite pigeon afflicted him with anguish; in early years, as a Judge, the sentencing a vile criminal to the gallows tortured his soul. Even on the Committee of Public Safety it is urged that he was led rather than the leader. He was ever, Mr. John Morley assures us, an "accessory after the fact." All this is true, and yet it is now generally admitted that Robespierre had none of the qualities of a great statesman—neither strength of character, breadth of judgment, nor a definite political creed. He was as much a hand-to-mouth politician as any age or country has produced, and the Law of Prairial will be remembered to his lasting infamy. Though this enactment, which was only in force for a short time, more victims were guillotined than throughout all the rest of the Terror. Let it not be thought, as is sometimes loosely said, that thousands upon thousands died in the Revolution. Before the Law of Prairial was passed 505 people were condemned to death. From the passing of that law to the death of Robespierre 1558 were guillotined.

Mr. Edmund Boulnois, M.P.,

who was on July 19 chosen as Lord Charles Beresford's successor, in preference to good-humoured Mr. George Leveson-Gower, is deservedly a great favourite in Marylebone. He was cordially cheered by the Conservative members when he took his seat in the House of Commons on Monday. A member of the firm of William and Edmund Boulnois, of the Baker-street Bazaar, he is descended from a Huguenot family. He graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He is a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for Middlesex, and has considerable experience in local government, being also a member of the London County Council.

MR. E. BOULNOIS.

Children in Pantomimes.

I sincerely trust the Lord Chancellor's commonsense proposal to allow well-managed theatres to continue the employment of children will be accepted in the House of Lords. The little ones it has been my lot to see on the stage fairly revel in theatrical performances, are well disciplined, and thoroughly enjoy their work. Put a stop to real "cruelty to children," by all means. But do not drive to the demoralising playground of the streets the youngsters who have found relishable and profitable and improving occupation at our well-conducted theatres.

"The Illustrated London News"

(the unrivalled popularity of which is more than maintained under the management of Mr. Wm. Ingram, eldest surviving son of the founder of the first of illustrated newspapers) found a new hostelry for its forty-seventh annual dinner on Saturday last. The *I.L.N.* Wayzgoose was eaten at the spacious Clarendon Hotel, which faces the Thames at Gravesend, and is admirably managed by Signor A. L. Gargini, the personification of good humour. I can vouch for the assiduity of the zealous stewards, Mr. Henry Fern and Mr. William Wood, and for the excellence of Mr. Merton Clark's musical entertainment, especially for the ability shown by that clever young comic vocalist, Mr. Fred W. Stephens, who sang "Kilaloo" and other Martinian ditties with the "vim" of a Lonnen. I shouldn't be surprised to hear, some day, that Mr. Fred W. Stephens—a sterling comedian—has been engaged at the Gaiety.

THE PROMPTER.

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HOW TO SOOTHE A DYING MAN.

NURSES in hospitals are rather apt to lay too much stress on the advantages received by the patients and their duty of thankfulness; but still it is the poor soldier who suffers most from always having his causes to be grateful flung in his teeth. Witness the following story:—Chaplain: So poor Hopkins is dead. I should have liked to speak to him once again and soothe his last moments: why didn't you call me? Hospital orderly: I didn't think you ought to be disturbed for 'Opkins, Sir, so I just soothed him as best I could myself. Chaplain: Why, what did you say to him? Orderly: "'Opkins," sez I, "you're mortal bad." "I am," sez 'e. "'Opkins," sez I, "I don't think you'll get better." "No," sez 'e. "'Opkins," sez I, "you're going fast." "Yes," sez 'e. "'Opkins," sez I, "I don't think you can hope to go to 'eaven." "I don't think I can," sez 'e. "Well then, 'Opkins," sez I, "you'll go to 'ell." "I suppose so," sez 'e. "'Opkins," sez I, "you ought to be werry grateful as there's a place perwided for you, and that you've got somewhere to go." And I think 'e 'eard, Sir, and then he died.—*Hospital.*

WORMS IN CHILDREN.—Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using KEATING'S WORM TABLETS. Tins, 1s. 1½d. each.—[ADVT.]

A GAME OF BLUFF.

BY HENRY MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "MONKEY-MEPHISTO," AND JOINT AUTHOR OF "A DANGEROUS CATSPAW."

CHAPTER IX.

DOCTOR PALGRAVE had certainly given a *quid pro quo* for Arkinstall's hospitality. He had laid his finger on Elsie's disorder with an astuteness which, to his old friend, seemed marvellous. Perhaps, to us who look on placidly at the comedy, the discovery may seem less wonderful, and there may even be in our minds some disextenuation earned by a few weeks of passably good conduct. Ralph was the last man in the world to whom Arkinstall would willingly have entrusted his daughter's happiness. Like fathers in general, he had been unaware of the depth of his affection for his child. Nothing had ever occurred in all their placid lives together to teach him how intimately his happiness was intertwined with hers. So far their relations had been purely pleasurable, he had known all the sweets and none of the bitters of fatherly experience. And now he found himself brought face to face with the most terrible trial—always excepting death—a father can confront. For after a feeble and unconvincing attempt, which lasted

Michael Listening.

paragement of Arkinstall that he should need outside help to explain so obvious a situation. But there is not one among us who is not to the full as blind to things just as obvious.

Arkinstall was like all parents in one respect: he needed occasional small shocks to remind him that Elsie was no longer a child. There comes to all fathers the minute at which such a truth has to be finally recognised. It had come to him, and he fairly staggered under the convincing character of the proof it brought.

Although from the first moment at which the explanation of Elsie's malady had occurred to him he had accepted it as true, he allowed a day or two to pass before he could summon the resolution to enter on any definite action. He was a more than usually indulgent father, and his first clearly recognisable impulse had been to let the child have her way in this matter, as in all others, and to devise some means of bringing her and Ralph together. But he was a man of caution too, and the tremendous gravity of such a step gave him pause. The more he looked at the situation the less he liked it, the more incapable it seemed of a satisfactory issue. For some years past his distrust and dislike of Ralph had been steadily growing, and against that slowly accumulated sentiment there was nothing to be put but a feeble plea of hardly five minutes, to pooh-pooh the whole business as a piece of girlish sentimentality which a month or two would cure, he had fully recognised, perhaps even exaggerated, the gravity of the situation. There was nothing for it, he believed, but to break his daughter's heart in one of two ways—by giving or by withholding her desire.

He contrived, easily enough, to throw himself in Ralph's way frequently during that interval of doubt, and watched him closely. The boy worked well, there was no denying that; but Arkinstall noted a restraint in his manner, a brevity of speech, occasional moments of absence of mind, followed by brusque awakenings and resumptions of effort, which he read as signs of some hidden trouble. He seemed uncomfortable in Arkinstall's presence, and never once referred, even by the most commonplace inquiry, to Elsie. It was the old man himself who at last found a pretext for speaking her name.

"You are beginning to get on, Ralph—to understand the work."

"I think so, Sir."

"You ought to be able to manage alone in a little time."

"Tom left everything in such good train that there is very little to do," said Ralph.

"Do you think," asked Arkinstall, "that you could get on without assistance for a time? I am feeling very much in want of a holiday. Elsie has not been well of late, and I am advised to take her abroad for a month or two."

"Would you be long away?"

"It depends. For the matter of that, I might find some place where Elsie could find society, and leave her there alone for a day or so a week while I ran over here and did what there might be to do."

"I don't think," said Ralph, after a pause, "that that would be necessary. If you left me your address, I should say that a weekly letter might dispose of all the business I should have to trouble you with." He paused again, and added, after a hesitation that was not lost on Arkinstall, though his manner was natural enough, "Miss Arkinstall is unwell? Nothing serious, I hope?"

"She 's moping a little," said Arkinstall. "Quite natural; the place is none too lively for a girl of her age."

"I suppose not; I fancied she was not looking well when last I saw her. I see no reason, Sir, why you shouldn't go with her. If anything really important happened, I could wire to you."

"Yes," assented Arkinstall, and drifted to another topic. When they parted, Ralph asked to be made aware of the moment of Arkinstall's departure and his address while abroad, but made no further reference to Elsie.

"He 's the man," said the father to himself. "A month ago he 'd have shown some solicitude about the girl. Now he 's afraid to. Plays indifference, and overdoes it."

He propounded the travel scheme to Elsie, who met it with no interest. She would go if he wished it. Did not she want to go? Not particularly. Now, on her first return from school, a Continental tour with her father had been one of Elsie's dreams. They had arranged it all together: Paris, Brussels, Antwerp, Bruges, Cologne, the Rhine. The girl, in whole-hearted joyful anticipation of the treat, had made him buy maps and guides, and had grown wonderfully learned in the attractions of all these cities, and in trains and boats. Arkinstall tried to stir her to her old enthusiasm by a feeble reproduction of her former raptures. She listened indifferently. In his perplexity he lost patience with her for the first time in his life, and spoke sharply. She left him with tears in her eyes; and, stealing guiltily past her door an hour later, he heard her crying. That same night she returned to the subject uninvited, and acted pleasurable anticipation, vilely, urging him to start with her at once.

"Pack, and we will start the day after to-morrow."

She kissed him vehemently, and feverishly set about her preparations, singing over them with a gaiety so obviously forced that her father expected her every moment to break down in tears.

There were purchases to be made for the voyage, and a courier to be engaged. For these purposes Arkinstall passed the whole of the next day in town. As he was walking sadly along the Strand in the evening dusk, he heard his name pronounced, and, turning, saw a man standing beside him.

"Mr. Martin?" he asked, peering for a moment, uncertain of his interlocutor's identity.

"Yes; I expected you to-day, Sir."

Arkinstall, with the air of a man newly awakened from a heavy sleep, passed his hand across his forehead, and murmured, "Ah, yes; true. The last of the month."

"You are unwell," said Martin. "Pray take my arm, Sir."

"No, no," said Arkinstall, recovering himself. "I was thinking. I am quite well, thank you. Quite well."

"I have the monthly balance-sheet prepared," continued Martin. "May I expect you at the office, or shall I send it?"

"I have no time to attend to it at present," said Arkinstall. "I start to-morrow for the Continent with my daughter, who is ill, and has been ordered to travel." Martin murmured sympathy. Such an amazing circumstance as that John Arkinstall should have forgotten a business appointment needed explanation. "There is nothing new, I suppose; nothing of any great importance?"

"Nothing," said Martin. "Nothing that need trouble you at all, Sir, under such circumstances as that. I merely thought it right to remind you."

"Quite right. Quite right. You can prepare a sheet for the two months."

"Very good, Sir. I hope that the journey may quite re-establish Miss Arkinstall's health."

"Thank you," answered Arkinstall: and with a shake of the hand principal and manager parted.

Arkinstall went home, as miserable a man as any in the three kingdoms. Arrived at Beckford, he walked through the gloom of the early summer night, growing momentarily more transparent as the moon mounted in a cloudless sky. As he went on, with bent head and lagging step, he heard a light, quick step behind him. For a moment the sound meant nothing to him; but suddenly he turned, with a quick catch of his breath. The light was dim, and Elsie's arms were round his neck and her face close to his own before his troubled eyes could ratify the certainty his heart had felt at the sound of that joyous step which had been so familiar only a month ago.

"Elsie?"

It was more a question than an exclamation. The face he stared at was transfigured, more beautiful than even he, with all a father's pride, had ever thought it; the cheeks rich with colour, the humid eyes radiant with happiness and affection. It was but a short glimpse of it he caught in that moment of half-terrified delight. The girl's forehead fell to his shoulder.

"My darling, what is it?"

He had little need to ask, and could read the riddle well enough without further help of hers.

Her preparations for departure completed in feverish haste, Elsie had found herself with some hours yet to pass before her father's return from London. Half from a need of physical exercise which the exertion of packing had suddenly awakened, and half to escape the irritating ubiquity of Mrs. Frost—a silently tearful lady whose one idea of expressing sympathy was to follow its object from room to room, wagging her head in a kind of dismal rhythm, punctuated by frequent sniffs—she had left the house for a tour of farewell to her favourite spots about the gardens and the neighbouring fields. She passed through the stable-yard and languidly scattered a few grains of barley to the fowls there, which, until recently, she had made it her daily duty to feed. They accepted that form of adieu with injured-sounding clucking which might have been expressive either of grudging gratitude for present favours or remonstrance for recent neglect. Her pony caught the sound of her footsteps from his stable, and called her with an energetically plaintive whinny. She went to and patted him, and, as he thrust his head down to her pocket, smiled sadly, and went back to the house for the sugar he never failed to demand in that fashion. A great mastiff, the terror of every servant in the place except the groom who fed him, stood at his chain's length and uttered a strenuous bay. She took his great head between her hands, and looked down at him. She had been proud of the conquest of the surly brute's affection, and his dumb pleasure in her caress touched her now.

"*You* 'll be sorry when I 'm gone, won't you, Nero?"

If ever dog's eyes spoke, Nero's did. "Yes," they said, and a pitiful whimper repeated the word. There was something in this profoundly instinctive sympathy which profoundly touched her. She stooped, and, with her arms about the dog's neck, kissed his shaggy face.

There was scarcely a yard of the ground she

trod but had some memory of childhood for her. It all seemed very far away. She saw, as in a picture, a little figure which had been her own running hither and thither in the sunlight, where now she walked so sadly. At the extremity of the garden there was a rustic bench beneath a spreading ash-tree, where she could remember sitting with her mother. There was no reason why that memory should have outlived so many others, but she saw her childish self and the slight girlish figure beside her with a wonderful clearness, could remember the dress, white, and touched here and there with flecks of tender colour, like a summer cloud, the half-distrait smile on her mother's face, the glittering ring upon her finger. So long ago, so far away, and yet so clear it seemed, that earliest legacy of memory. It was strange that she should remember that, and yet have no recollection of her mother's death, except a vague sense of a time when the house had been strangely hushed and still, and when she had worn a black dress, and could find nobody to play with her.

She passed from the garden and out into the fields. Like all lovers, she reckoned time by a calendar of her own. She remembered that it was five weeks to a day, almost to an hour, since she had found Ralph by the brook, under the willows whose leaves she could see as she walked towards them. It had been on a Wednesday, and to-day was Wednesday. She moved on towards the spot, with no conscious desire to revisit it, obeying some blind impulse she did not pause to analyse, so vague it might have passed for pure carelessness. As she neared the spot, a man's figure, which she had not seen till then, detached itself from a tree-trunk. Her heart gave one leap which sent the blood hot to her face, and then seemed to stand still. It was Ralph who stood before her.

Did he too reckon time by Elsie's calendar?

They stood face to face without speaking, for a long moment. Their eyes had met, and there was a fascination for each in the other's gaze. Ralph stared haggardly at the girl, smitten by her sad look and the deathlike pallor which had succeeded to her vivid blush. There was no nameable expression in her face. She had no time to prepare for the shock of meeting him, and the blind tumult of emotion in her bosom left her features blank. In his she read horrified surprise and pity, shame of her wretchedness, his handiwork.

His eyes drooped first, and, as if freedom from his regard had broken the spell which held her, she made a motion to pass him. He looked up again, one swift, shamefaced glance, and spoke, with a feeble, wandering motion of his hand.

"Elsie!"

"How dare you!" she flashed out at him.

He looked up again, with a face of actual agony, dumb and stark, and repeated that wandering gesture. She had thought herself strong enough in her just indignation to resent the outrage of his mere presence; but that haggard, speechless look so hurt her that she could not bear it, and the anger had passed out of her eyes before they reached the ground at her feet. Already some wild, formless hope was rising within her that he might find some explanation of what had seemed to her so cowardly a cruelty. She did not confess it to herself, but his face had so smitten her with its shame and hunger, and its record of past and present pain, that a very poor excuse would have served his turn.

"What have you to say to me?" she asked tremulously, wondering where her hatred and contempt of him had vanished to.

"You are going away?" said Ralph.

"Yes."

"You will not find me here when you return." She started, and stole a glance at him. "This is good-bye between us, Elsie. You 'll say good-bye? It isn't much to say."

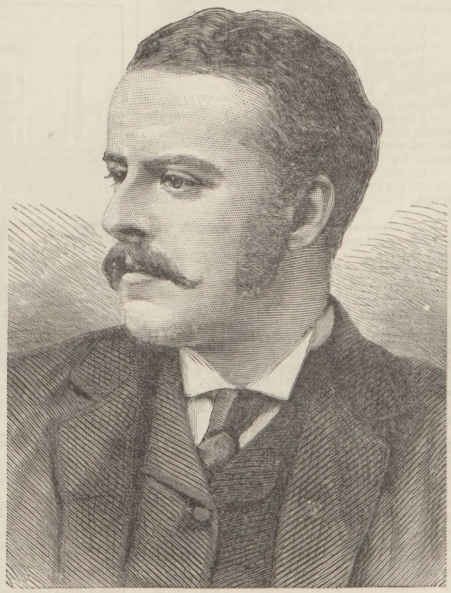
The effort by which he had mastered himself, to speak thus drily, betrayed itself in the tremor of his voice as he spoke the last words. She could not keep her eyes upon the ground, they seemed drawn to his by a force she had no power to resist, and her breast began to heave with pity. It did not seem in the least strange that she should pity him. All anger, all memory of the wrong she herself had suffered had gone, at the sight of his white, drawn face, with the pitiful smile which had flickered to his lips with those despairing words.

"You 'll say 'good-bye'?" he said again, taking her unresisting hand. He put it to his lips, as she stood, silent but for her panting breath. The kiss stung her like fire, almost as hotly as his tears. He moved away with one deep sob; but had scarcely gone a yard when he turned at the noise of a sudden fall behind him, and saw her lying all abroad upon the grass.

"My God!" he groaned, falling to his knees, "I've killed her!" Her head rolled back, lax and lifeless, as he raised her on his arm. He called her again and again by her name, and covered her hands and face with wild caresses; but she lay dead still, and took no heed of him. "I've killed her! I've killed her!" he cried again, gazing wildly down on her as she lay. She stirred faintly, and a little colour flickered back into her lips, and at that his wits came back to him. He clambered down to the level of the brook and returned with his handkerchief dripping, and flung the water from it smartly in her face.

Her lips moved, and amid a trail of undistinguishable sounds he caught his name, followed by a heartbreaking sob, and her tears were running before she returned to total consciousness, to find herself in Ralph's arms, with his kisses raining on her face. She made a feeble effort to free herself, but his grasp strengthened with a resistless energy. The hopeless yearning in the eyes which looked down on her and the warmth of the passionate lips which had called the blood back into her face melted the last thin film of her reserve, and as he bent again above her she raised her face to his. Till then, Ralph's kisses had been embraces of farewell, but at that touch his last despairing hold on honour loosened.

H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE OF WALES.
(From a Photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, Ebury-street.)



THE EARL OF FIFE.
(From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent-street.)

DUFF HOUSE, LORD FIFE'S BANFFSHIRE RESIDENCE: A CHARMING HONEYMOON HAUNT.
(From a Photograph by Messrs. Alexander Rae and Son, Banff.)

Come what might, she was his, and he would keep her against the world.

"You forgive me?"

"What have I to forgive—now?"

"You shall never know another grief that I can save you from."

"Ralph, I must tell papa. He must know. Why are you afraid of him?"

"I'm afraid of nothing now." He spoke the words fiercely, looking past her as if he challenged some invisible adversary. "Tell him, Elsie; he can't part us now."

"He will not want to. He will be too glad to see me happy to kill me by taking you from me. Ralph, I must go. It's getting dark. Please, let me go. What was that?"

Ralph started and listened. A light wind moved the branches overhead, and the brook sent up its clear music, growing mournful now in the deepening shadow.

"Nothing. The wind. Will you—will you tell him to-night?"

"Yes, dear; I mustn't have secrets from papa, Ralph. And, besides, he'll see it in my face. I know he will. I can't hide it. You must let me tell him—won't you?" she pleaded. "To-night. I have made him so unhappy, poor papa!"

Ralph's arms were still round her, but his eyes were fixed upon some distant point; and his face, stern with some unspoken resolve, frightened her.

"Yes," he said, "tell him to-night." He kissed her again, and she returned the embrace, and so they parted. The little nook was filled merely with the music of the rustling leaves and the bubble of the brook for a full minute after they had gone their devious ways. Then a branch was cautiously thrust aside, and a dusky figure crept into the open and followed each retreating figure with a rapid glance.

"Well, I'm d—d!" said Michael Margate, very softly.

(To be continued.)

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

THE marriage of her Royal Highness Princess Louise of Wales with the Earl of Fife, K.T., will take place in the private chapel at Buckingham Palace on Saturday, the 27th instant, at twelve o'clock. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Dean of Windsor, the Rev. F. Hervey, and the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore will perform the service. Mr. Jekyll, the organist of the Chapels Royal, will preside at the organ, and the Choir of the Chapel Royal St. James's Palace will sing the musical part of the service. The Queen, with her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal family, will be conducted to the chapel in procession at 11.45 from the Bow Library, where they will have assembled. The bridegroom will then be conducted to the chapel, after which the bride, who will arrive from Marlborough House with his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, K.G., will proceed to the chapel. There will be a procession of the Queen and Royal family, after the ceremony, to the drawing-room, and the registration of the marriage is to be made in the Carnarvon Room. The Royal party will then proceed to luncheon in the state dining-room, while luncheon will be served for her Majesty's other guests in the supper-room. The bride and bridegroom will afterwards return to Marlborough House. A guard of honour will be mounted at the Palace.

We are authorised to state that Lord Fife has taken the title of Duke of Fife. The Queen offered his Lordship the choice of any title he liked to adopt, including the semi-royal one of Inverness, but Lord Fife has preferred to keep the name by which he has hitherto been known. His full title will be Duke of Fife, Marquis of Macduff.

The Queen has sent through Sir Theodore Martin a wise and most timely message to the people of North Wales expressing a wish that in rural districts beautified by the hand of Nature there should not be any great expenditure upon decorations.

The Queen's interest and pride in her Indian Empire is (says "Atlas") one of the strongest feelings she has, and she prizes nothing so much. She has often said that, were it not for the length of the sea-voyage and her increasing years, she would rather go and pay India a visit than do anything else.

The Shah goes to Osborne on Monday, the 29th, to bid farewell to the Queen, after which the Victoria and Albert will convey him to Cherbourg.

Mr. Labouchere suggests that his Shahish Majesty should be taken to Ireland and shown an Irish eviction, in order that he may thoroughly understand the workings of our Constitution.

Princess Victoria of Prussia, who recently passed a month with the Queen at Balmoral and Windsor, appears to have forgotten Prince Alexander, and is not to wed Prince Albert Victor. She will very likely marry Prince Charles of Sweden, Duke of Westrogothia, the third son of King Oscar, who is five years her senior, having been born in 1861.

The Select Committee on Grants to the Royal family has issued its report. In order to prevent repeated applications to Parliament, and to establish the principle that provision for children should hereafter be made out of grants assigned to their parents, it is recommended that an additional sum of £9000 quarterly should be paid the Heir Apparent. Precedent, it is added, exists for making provision out of public moneys for collateral branches of the Royal family, but her Majesty has been pleased to declare that she does not propose to press this claim for the children of her daughters and younger sons.

Mr. Parnell, on arriving on the 19th at Edinburgh, where he had gone to receive the freedom of the city, was accorded an enthusiastic welcome. About 30,000 people assembled on Calton Hill. On Saturday, the 20th, he received the freedom of the city in a silver casket, and addressed a crowded meeting, at which Lord Aberdeen presided.

Early in the morning of the 17th Whitechapel was alarmed by the rumour that "Jack the Ripper" was once again abroad. At about ten minutes to one a police-constable passing down Castle-alley, a turning leading into the Whitechapel-road, found the dead body of a woman lying across the footway. Investigation proved that her throat had been cut, and later inquiries that her name was Alice Mackenzie, and that she was one of the poor women of the district. The inquest has not elicited the slightest clue, and the inquiry has been adjourned to the 14th prox.

Entrance to Castle-Alley from Whitechapel High-St.

The week has seen a succession of "scares" arising out of the murder. It was commonly stated that a sailor had been seized and nearly lynched by the crowd while holding a knife over a woman in Aldgate, but the sailor turns out to be mythical. A "confession" was made on Friday week at the Leman-street Police-Station by a man who declared that he had not only murdered Alice Mackenzie but also the seven other unfortunate victims. As he is known to have been in South Africa at the date of the earlier murders, he is generally believed to be mad.

Mr. Justice Day and Mr. Justice Smith, before whom the matter was brought in the Queen's Bench Division, have refused a re-hearing of the summons against the Duke of Cambridge for assault, brought by Mr. G. E. Simms some time since, and dismissed by Mr. Bridge, the Magistrate.

Mr. William O'Brien's action against Lord Salisbury for alleged slander came on for hearing at Manchester, damages being laid at £10,000. The proceedings arose out of a speech delivered by the defendant at Watford, in which, it was stated, he imputed to the plaintiff the utterance of words conveying that persons taking evicted farms should be murdered and robbed, their cattle shot and ill-treated, and their farms devastated. Mr. Justice Stephen summed up in favour of Lord Salisbury, and the jury found for his Lordship.

Mr. Parnell again came before what we suppose we must now call the Nameless Commission on

DISCOVERY OF THE BODY OF ALICE MACKENZIE IN CASTLE-ALLEY, WHITECHAPEL.

Tuesday, and during his cross-examination by the Attorney-General stated that during his imprisonment in Kilmainham he, in common with the other Nationalist prisoners, received an allowance from the Land League funds of 15s. a week.

A child named James Brooks was left some time ago in the charge of Br. Barnardo, the mother being in a destitute condition, and the father having deserted his family. The mother was now in more comfortable circumstances, but had, meanwhile, adopted the Roman Catholic religion. She applied for the restoration of the child, and it was refused. The case came before the Queen's Bench Court last week, and the Judges ruled that the child must be given up.

The Nile campaign still goes on, with its tale of bloodshed and guerilla warfare. Six hundred men of the Welsh Regiment left Cairo on Sunday for Assouan. A despatch from Assouan says that two hundred and twenty Dervish refugees and twenty-three Dervish wounded have arrived there. They received medical treatment and comforts without stint. Barges with food and medical officers have been detailed for the aid of the refugees in future. A scheme for the care and protection of prisoners has been devised and acted upon. The troops, British and Egyptian, are in excellent health and spirits. Gunboats patrol the river and constantly intercept the enemy, a number of whom were killed last Saturday.

Considerable excitement through the escapade of a mad cow was occasioned at Leyton on the 19th. It started from Stratford, and, followed by an immense crowd, bolted along the Leytonstone-road, injuring five persons. One man had the muscle of his arm ripped open, and was taken to the hospital, and a perambulator with two children was upset. A number of shots were fired from a revolver; but the animal was not brought down until it was in Freth-road, Leytonstone, where it was shot with a rifle by a police-constable, who had pursued it for two hours.

It has come to the knowledge of the Marriage Law Reform Association that twenty-four couples have within the last few days either returned from the Continent after contracting the deceased wife's sister marriage, or made arrangements to go abroad for that purpose. Fifteen of these couples, as well as can be ascertained, are members of the Church of England, three belong to the Presbyterian Church, three to the Wesleyan, one to the Congregationalist, one to the Jewish, and one to the Society of Friends. With a single exception all have the approval of their clergyman or minister, and in some instances the clergy have emphasised this approval in a marked degree.

At the West Carmarthenshire election, which took place on the 18th, Mr. John Lloyd Morgan, the Liberal candidate, was returned by a majority of 1719 over Mr. Hugh Williams-Drummond, the Conservative.

At the East Marylebone election, on the 19th, Mr. Boulnois, Conservative, was elected by a majority of 493 votes over Mr. Leveson-Gower, Liberal.

Henry Beresford Moore, commercial traveller, of Moseley, near Birmingham, has been brought before the Birmingham Magistrate on a charge of fraud. Moore had caused to be circulated a statement that he is the rightful heir to the Coote baronetcy and estates in Ireland. On this pretence he obtained and pawned a quantity of jewellery. He then proceeded, as he alleged, in quest of his rights, to Dublin, where he lived in style at a fashionable hotel. Meanwhile, the Birmingham tradespeople from whom he had obtained credit received information that led the police to apply for a warrant against him, and he was arrested in Dublin. The Coote family declare that there is no foundation for his claims. Several charges are pending against Moore, whose tale had caused much sensation and gained wide credence in Birmingham.

A Russian student who has been attending the lectures at the Polytechnic Academy in Berlin since the Zurich bomb affair has just been delivered up to Russia by the German police. The other reputed Nihilist students who were there, and who had been very rigorously watched by the police, have now all been expelled.

An illustration of the perils amid which the diver pursues his occupation was furnished at a coroner's inquiry at South Shields on the 18th. William Richardson, a diver, speculated in raising a sunken wreck near North Sunderland, and while working on it on the morning of the 16th was suffocated through the airpipe and line of his diving apparatus having fouled the vessel's gunwale.

The neighbourhood of Belgravia was roused, after dinner on the night of the 19th, by a band of musicians and singers who passed along its streets singing songs of various kinds, from classic Italian melodies to nigger ditties, to the accompaniment of guitars and mandolins. Only the few who were in the secret knew that the very shabbily dressed party included the Marchioness of Bristol and the Ladies Hervey, Miss Maxwell, Mr. Walter Hervey—who collected from the passers-by—and several other aristocrats. They perform only once a year, and the proceeds of the evening's work go to the Hospital Sunday Fund.

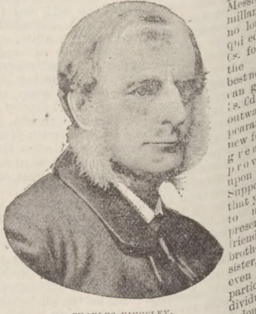
Edward Roe, an Englishman staying at Cumberland, in Florida, was on Saturday attacked by a shark while bathing, and killed.

A man named John Wilkinson, aged twenty-six, of Grantham, was eating some fish on the 11th inst., when he accidentally swallowed a fishbone, which lodged in the pit of his stomach. He began to feel intense pain, and a doctor was sent for; but Wilkinson lingered until the 20th, when he expired. He leaves a widow and four young children.

BOOK LOVERS' GOSSIP

A Cheap Edition of Kingsley.

A CHEAP edition of Charles Kingsley's works is now in course of publication by Messrs. Macmillan. One is no longer required to pay 6s. for one of the Canon's best novels, but can get it for 3s. 6d. And in outward appearance the new form is a great improvement upon the old. Suppose, now, that you want to make a present to a friend, to a brother or a sister, say, or even to the particular individual in



CHARLES KINGSLEY.

whom you are still more interested, I don't think you can do better than buy one of Kingsley's novels, especially if your friend is on the threshold of his or her literary and intellectual life. To many men and women of the past twenty or thirty years Kingsley's books have been a stimulus second only to those of the greater Carlyle.

Good Novels.

What a fine story of seafaring adventure is "Westward Ho!" Many of us read Mr. Froude's "History" and a whole host of other books dealing with the time solely from a desire to know more of the extraordinary life laid open to us in this novel. Then "Hypatia" did us good in other ways, taught us toleration for one thing, and it also has made readers of history. Kingsley got his idea of Hypatia from Gibbon, and I am sure he has sent many people to that, the greatest of all histories. "Alton Locke" and "Yeast" and "Two Years Ago" taught us religious and social sympathy. And, in short, there is not one of the Kingsley novels which is not as bracing as it is entertaining. Kingsley is never dull.

Kingsley and the Study of History.

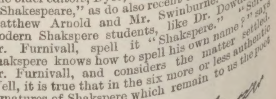
But I must not be thought too enthusiastic a Kingsley worshipper. It is quite impossible that books written so distinctly "with a purpose" as these novels were can be permanent additions to literature. Some of the controversies they evoked are already dead, and others will follow them, and the books will have to go with the controversies; but that day is not yet. I have said that Kingsley's books encourage to the study of history. Nevertheless, Kingsley, as a Professor of History at Cambridge, was a failure, and his successor, Professor J. R. Seeley, laments that a generation of scholarship was lost to Cambridge University through Kingsley's unscientific methods. Apart from this, some of Kingsley's admirers, notably Baron Bunsen and Max Müller, have altogether exaggerated his powers.

Kingsley as a Poet and a Man.

And yet Kingsley had many high poetic qualities, and you will find some very fine things in his volume of poetry. By-the-way, if you do not care to spend three-and-sixpence on it, Messrs. Macmillan have just issued an eighteenpenny edition, which is very handy to carry about and very easy to read. But I must not leave Kingsley without adding one word of tribute to Kingsley the man. What a good man he was! How his radiant enthusiasm of humanity shines forth in all his writings and in the beautiful biography which his wife has written to delight and stimulate us! To our generation, at least, there should be few spots of English earth more sacred than the grave of Charles Kingsley in Eversley churchyard.

Shakspere's Name.

A correspondent asks me how to spell Shakspere's name. The controversy is a long and a barren one. The older editors, Dyce, Halliwell, and Collier, spell it "Shakespeare," as do also recent eminent critics like Matthew Arnold and Mr. Swinburne. But the modern Shakspere students, like Dr. Dowden and Dr. Furnivall, spell it "Shakspere." "Surely Shakspere knows how to spell his own name?" says Dr. Furnivall, and considers the matter settled. Well, it is true that in the six more or less authentic signatures of Shakspere which remain to us the poet



spells his name Shakspere; but, on the other hand, on the titlepage of the two works which were published under his own supervision we find the name "Shakespeare."

"Shakspere" or "Shakespeare."

The meaning of the name is obvious—shake and spear—but this very obviousness may have led the poet to modify its spelling, just as men named Shepherd have spelt it Sheppherd, and men named Smith, Smythe; and Cook, Cooke; and so on. The obvious derivation of a name is not always flattering to the vanity of the owner. It is clear, however, that "Shakspere" was the accepted form at Stratford, as well as the favourite form with the poet; while in London the spelling "Shakespeare" was general. There it is to be found on editions of the plays, and is used by Ben Jonson, Milton, and others. One thing must not be forgotten, and that is the extremely loose manner of spelling pertaining to the age. Shakspere's son-in-law signs himself Hawle and Hall. Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1581, signs his name Rauley, and, five years later, Ralegh. But, as I said before, 'tis a barren controversy. It is far more important that we should agree to read Shakspere's works than that I should disagree about the spelling of his name. I prefer "Shakspere," partly because Shakspere himself preferred it, partly because it is shorter. I am like Coleridge's old Jew friend who found "old clo'" much easier than "old clothes." I have to write the word "Shakspere" a great many times in the course of the year, so let it be "Shakspere."—TATLER.

THE RACING WORLD

The Late George Prince.

MOST sincerely do I regret the death of Mr. George Prince, trainer, of Ashley House, Lewes, which occurred on Sunday afternoon. I knew George nearly thirty years ago, when he was one of a string of sturdy little fellows marshalled to church every Sunday morning by their father, F. E. Prince, brother of the Princes of the old Princes' Club, Hans-place, Sloane-square. Though steeped to the eyes in sport, "Old Bang," one of our best professional pigeon shots, was a regular martinet, and I might almost write bigot also, on Sabbatarianism. The boys must not on any account miss Sunday parade and service, and I well recollect how the old gentleman carried his religious convictions further.

Poor George and Fred

were apprenticed to a racing stable at Epsom. Their father expressly stipulated that they were on no account to do more labour on Sunday than was absolutely necessary. What is called "doing up the horses" he did not mind; but exercise of any kind did not come within his category. After a while, finding that the master of the stable was putting the boys to ride in Sunday exercise, he instructed them to refuse orders to that effect, and the consequent dispute found its way into the law-courts.

George would have made a name as a jockey if he had not put on weight too fast. I recollect his showing excellent form in winning a Nursery at Shrewsbury. He developed into a first-class hurdle-race rider, but met with a cruel accident, which prevented his following his profession. As trainers the two brothers worked together with great success. Horses placed under their charge almost always improved some pounds in a very short time, and the clever confederates who placed their racers under the Princes' charge won a wonderfully good proportion of engagements.

The Duke of Portland

has yet to become accustomed to losing. His Grace has experienced so long and highly profitable a spell of good fortune that he does not seem able to accept defeat as part of the ordinary run of racing things. Is it fair to suppose that if Semolina had not been beaten in the Leicester Portland Stakes, and Ayrshire's style of galloping pleased the touts before the Eclipse Stakes day, we should have seen the Duke of Portland at Sandown? As he was to win, it was a pity that he did not witness the triumph, which, as regards public form, was a certainty, but was greatly jeopardised by the horse's evident unsoundness. While extended Ayrshire went well enough, but in his slow pace before the race he was very dicky, and was worse still after he was beating a downright bad set of opponents.

The latest edition of the Eclipse Stakes, ten thousand pounds and all in, was a failure. The element of uncertainty was lacking, unless you take into account the not remote chance of Ayrshire's breakdown, and except as a show it might as well have been a walk over.

No doubt if the Duke of Portland keeps on he will run into a spell of bad luck, as have all our other leading sportsmen. It will, however, take a lot of reverses to wipe out the pile built up by Ayrshire, Donovan, and Semolina, not to mention other winners in the magpie colours. Including the Eclipse Stakes, Ayrshire has won £28,675, Donovan £39,762 15s., and Semolina £5610 10s., or over £74,000 among them. Will the Duke ever stand to his guns while all this balance is wiped off and he has to pull out his winnings? Since Riviera landed the big stake at Leicester her merits with those of Heaume, Semolina, and Formidable have been very freely discussed. I believe that if the lot were to race at ordinary weights—that is to say, with allowance to the fillies, but not making penalties or allowances, and on a course like Doncaster—Heaume would beat all the lot named at seven furlongs.

The Surefoot party fancy that when he and Heaume meet again the West-country colt is sure to repeat his Ascot victory over Baron Rothschild's big Hermit youngster. Speaking for myself, I think that at present Mr. Merry's fine two-year-old is a bit too fast for Heaume, who will likely enough improve the more.

Fraud

is a very awkward word to use, more particularly if the force of a remark involving fraud lies in its direct application to a person or persons easily identified. From the remarks made on the objection which led to a disqualification of Coercion for its winning race at Sandown, and Marshdale's being awarded the private sweepstakes, one can see that no less a charge than fraud, deliberately planned, is laid to the account of some of those who would benefit by Marshdale's being awarded stakes and bets. Boiled down, the charge is that some person or persons who backed Marshdale did so in full belief that if Coercion happened to beat it he would be disqualified, ground for objection being unknown to his owner, or principal owner, Mr. Arthur Yates.

That gentleman, who presides over a big stable at Alresford, right in the heart of the Tichborne country, appears to have found the secret of living, and living well too, without growing older. Ruddy, hearty Arthur Yates has, we all know, put on flesh since the "lang syne" when, after being thrown at Croydon, he caught Harold by the tail, worked his hold to the bridle, stopped the horse, remounted, and won a steeplechase. If he puts on flesh he puts off years, and is as fresh and bustling as he was two decades ago.

Had Plunger Benzon-Schlesinger

gone in for steeplechasing, hurdle, and hunters' flat-racing, with Mr. Arthur Yates as practical and consulting engineer to shepherd him, and left the devil's books, elephant's tooth, and flat-race plunging alone, the £400,000 odd he had at Coutts's Bank not much more than two years ago would not have dwindled and diminished to disappearing point, as that grand sum undoubtedly did. The still juvenile victim of morbid craving for notoriety might have at this day been satisfying his desire to be mentioned in the newspapers at a profitable rate. In flat-racing he did not lose very much. As it was, in steeplechase betting he made money.

Far be it from me to set up as a defender of gambling on the turf. I do not hold a brief on that side at all. Still, I do not believe in a great criminal even being unjustly accused, as horse-racing is in Benzon's case. He lost his money, for which the old Deutsch-Hebrew father worked so perseveringly, in gambling quite outside horse-racing.

Not being favoured with advance proofs of his book, I cannot say how much or how little this living illustration of perpetual motion may know of the way his money went at baccarat and like light fantastic diversions. Very likely he is not aware that the times for his being fleeced of as much as could be got at a sitting were generally known beforehand to many members of the sporting community. At York August meeting two years ago common rumour did not lie in saying that the Jubilee Juggins was due to let someone have a big haul. Sure enough the big haul came off at cards.

Mr. Justice Lopes's Deliverance

in Cochrane v. Moore was severe enough on the money-lender, and did not pass very lightly Benzon's extraordinary penchant for casting good money broadcast, and plenty of it. At the same time, Benzon did not find his most exorbitant consumer in a money-lender. Though interest may have been ruinous to anyone who meant paying, the borrower had some sort of value for money. When Jubilee Juggins was in the hands of the card professors he was simply standing to lose, and had no chance at all of winning.

Among the modern adaptations of old-established courses to latter-day requirements, Liverpool stands a long way first. Mr. Topham and Mr. Gladstone have greatly improved the Aintree establishment of late years, and, while catering for the classes commonly termed the "swells" do not forget to look after the more numerous and also better-paying customers. Liverpool's two days in midsummer, of course, do not compare with the big meetings in spring and autumn. As a rule, most South-country sportsmen try to make holiday in this week, as a preliminary to a big "go in" for Goodwood. Some who do not intermit their sporting labours yet leave out Liverpool, and endeavour to combine business and pleasure at Yarmouth. People not thoroughly satiated with racing who happen to do a Liverpool summer meeting ought to find time for a visit to Newton, one of the most old-fashioned of our northern race establishments. This week Newton went on just as it has so long, and I suppose would go for ever, though I expect that before many years pass it will be merged in Haydock Park, which also belongs to Mr. Leigh. Baron Hirsch's recent purchase, Vasistas, winner of the Paris Grand Prize, has arrived at John Porter's, Kingsclere, to be trained. I shall be pleased to see him get back the £6300 paid for him, but do not expect him to be a success over here. Now-a-days, betting on Goodwood chief events is not of much account till near the time for the numbers to go up. Perhaps the most difficult event of the lot to tackle is the Stewards' Cup, in which I think the best handicapped are Juggler, Noble Chieftain, and Lisbon.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

The Cycling Championships

have now reached tremendous proportions, owing to the necessity of providing races at all distances for the various kinds of machines in use. At one time the "racer" was a bicycle with a wheel varying in height from 55 in. to 61 in., according to the legginess of the rider: now the tricycle and the tiny "safety" quite share the public interest between them; indeed, owing to the absurd way in which the level races on ordinary bicycles are generally ridden, the others are more to the public taste.

The first of the three days' racing took place on Saturday last, at Paddington, and the English loafers were taught a nice lesson in the mile race. For this the German champion, August Lehr, of Frankfort, was entered, and in the final heat, after two-thirds of a mile had been "paddled," the time for the three-quarters of a mile being 2 min. 35 sec., or several seconds slower than the record for the full distance in either England, America, or Australia, dashed suddenly ahead, and was never caught. The time was absurdly slow—viz., 3 min. 9 4-5 sec., and as a mile championship the race was a simple farce. It was a quarter-mile race, with a flying start of three-quarters of a mile, the last quarter being covered at the rate of 2 min. 20 sec. for the mile. The other competitors, no doubt, underrated Lehr, Osmond and Synyer, who were second and third respectively, being the only ones who were supposed to have a chance. It is clear that Continental riders have now to be reckoned with; and if the winning of a championship by Germany leads to the adoption of a more satisfactory style of racing, I shall not regret it.

Osmond won the twenty-five miles bicycle championship, J. H. Adams, the holder, being fourth, and the Frankfort representative, J. Goebel, seventh. Here the real race was actually for about three-quarters of a mile. The time, 1 h. 18 min. 27 2-5 sec., was beaten by nearly two minutes in the race over the same distance for the safety bicycle championship; but in that there was real racing, the records from twenty-one miles being at stake, and the four were split up between four riders, F. T. Fletcher, of Ilkeston, securing the twenty-fifth, and the race, in 1 h. 16 min. 34 2-5 sec. Burns, the new man, who created such a surprise at the Crystal Palace the week before, was answerable for much of the racing, and he got the twenty-fourth mile record. The racing was also good in the heats of the five-miles tricycle championship; but the final, won by H. H. Sansom, of Nottingham, was very slow indeed. In this race Louis Stein represented Frankfort, and Scheltema Beduin, Holland. The next batch of championships is decided to-day (Saturday) at the same place.

Our Cricketers

have learnt many a lesson from the Australians, and now it has been accorded another visiting team to show us, beyond all doubt, how very weak is the bowling of the Gentlemen. The prowess of the Surrey bowlers is well known, but take away the professional talent in that line, and one finds weakness where there was strength. With one exception the bowlers who bowled for the Gentlemen of Surrey against the Gentlemen of Philadelphia were not members of the county eleven. The Americans made 458 in their first innings, which they would scarcely have done against the professional bowlers of Surrey. W. W. Read made 105 in the first and 130 in the second innings, the compilation of two "centuries" in the same match being an incident of rare occurrence. In first-class matches Mr. W. G. Grace has the best record in this line, as, indeed, he has in every other.

Speaking of W. G. Grace

reminds me that a banquet is to be held in his honour on the Thursday (the ladies' day) in the Canterbury week, which commences on Aug. 5. Mr. Grace is now forty-one years of age, and yet he was able to capture several Philadelphian wickets the other day, and make two good scores off their bowling. Many men go on playing till long past forty, we know; but they are not chosen on every important team, and sent first to the wickets. The more you analyse "W. G." the more wonderful do his abilities appear. The name of Grace is likely to be kept up in the cricket world, for a couple of juveniles of the family have already made their mark in the West of England; but to expect more than one "W. G." in fifty years would be unreasonable.

Mr. Newham's 170

was the chief feature of the Sussex v. Hants match at Brighton on Monday. This is the twelfth hundred he has made for Sussex. At Lord's, the same day, batting for M.C.C. against the Philadelphians, the Rev. R. T. Thornton made 111.

Lawn Tennis.

I think H. S. Barlow's true position in the ranks of lawn-tennis cracks was correctly ascertained on Saturday last, when he was beaten by E. W. Lewis for the Championship of Middlesex by three sets to love (6—3, 6—3, 8—6). No man plays more consistently up to form than Lewis, and I would sooner take a line through him than through any other player. I think that both the Renshaws and Hamilton can always beat Lewis, and that Lewis can always beat Barlow. But if Lewis had the stamina to play a forcing game, then anyone must find it a very difficult thing to beat him at all.

South Devon Lawn Tennis.

Lawn-tennis will now betake itself to the seaside and other watering-places, and Lewis is sure to be seen again at the Exmouth and other meetings held along the South Devonshire coast. Very fine play is invariably seen at Exmouth, where the meeting begins on Aug. 5, but we do not see who is to take away the challenge cups for ladies and gentlemen from their present holders, Mrs. Hillyard and E. W. Lewis, though, as we have already seen this year, these players are inclined to give the lesser lights an innings. The Buxton meeting, taking place the week after Exmouth, will doubtless be more favoured than was Wimbledon this year on the part of the ex-lady champion, Miss L. Dod, who will probably defend her title of lady champion at doubles, which she holds conjointly with Miss May Langrische, the Irish player, who, however, has not been seen this year in the lawn-tennis court in public. The season will wind up, as usual, with the favourite Eastbourne tournament, where London talent is always well represented.

The River.

It is a pity that Psotta, the American amateur champion sculler, has not competed at any of our lesser regattas; but I believe I am quite correct in saying that he was merely patched up, medically, for the Diamonds at Henley, a thorough cure being incompatible with racing that week. He could scarcely fail to win on most occasions, though the Kingston sculler, Kennedy, would undoubtedly be a hard nut to crack. He won easily enough at Kingston on Saturday. Nickalls, of course, has no more worlds to conquer, always excepting old Father Time, who, however, is not really of much significance in rowing on a running stream, with the tide varying in strength every five minutes and the wind nearly as bad. No one had the temerity to challenge Nickalls for the Wingfield sculls, so he walked over.

Punting

has become so general an amusement on the Thames that a large number of people now take great interest in the amateur championship of the sport, which is contested every year at Maidenhead. Numbers of ladies now punt, and very graceful they look when so engaged. *Facile princeps* in the art—for art it undeniably is—is Mr. W. H. Grenfell, M.P., and he holds the championship. He devotes a great deal of time and pains to attaining as near perfection as possible; and, although he will scarcely be indulged in a walk over, the number of challengers will not be many. Mr. Scott Holmes, of Hampton Court, will, I fancy, throw down the gauntlet.

The Mile Amateur Swimming Championship

was decided last Saturday, in the Welsh Harp lake, Hendon, and after his victory in the half-mile race Standring was expected to win. However, he did not swim up to form, and Bowden, who was beaten in the half-mile, won, in 31 min. 4-5 sec. A new member of the Lewisham S.C., A. G. Squires, who has earned a reputation in the western United States, and holds the one-mile championship of California, competed, but had been ill, and did not do himself justice. It was somewhat of a blow to the energetic London representatives of American newspapers to discover that Mr. Squires is an Englishman, and not an American, after their cable messages had been sent.

BANSHEE.

STORIES FOR THE SEASIDE.

THE lucky advance-guard of the summer holiday-makers is speeding to inland Edens and seaside Paradises; and the question is—What story-book's the best to wile away the journey on the Snail's-pace Railway? First, in this season of racing scandals and of jockey "squaring," let us warmly recommend the volume of short (but not too short) sporting stories called "Tartan and Gold," and written with rare *verve* and breeziness by that excellent sporting journalist and novelist Mr. Byron Webber. Dedicated by the author to his friend "Augur," one of the most popular of racing editors, and deservedly so, "Tartan and Gold" embodies in its very title a "Druid"-like flavour which makes one take up the scarlet volume with keen anticipatory relish. The rich promise is abundantly realised. Mr. Webber's opening tale of "Tartan and Gold," a vigorous story of the Turf—and something more, a contest "'twixt brown eyes and blue"—is a good example of his admirable style. Not only is the plot most interesting. There are clever character sketches. Each personage is vividly delineated. In fine, there is the plot of a three-volume novel in each well-told story of Mr. Byron Webber's—notably in "Love in a Circus," as well as in "Tartan and Gold," in "Hansom," and in "A Little Feud." "Tartan and Gold" is published by the rising firm of Ward and Downey. The summer reading season also yields a brace of new story-books, full of interest and sympathy, by Mr. B. L. Farjeon—an exciting supernatural tale, "A Strange Enchantment," in the popular shilling form; and a more sympathetic story, "Doctor Glennie's Daughter." Then, Mr. Edgar Lee, a journalistic man of mark, vies with Rider Haggard in his weird and wonderful, erudite, and flowery "Pharaoh's Daughter," whose existence and her lover's are prolonged to the present century! To wind up with, the capital Paris story of "Mated from the Morgue" (price one shilling) should also be bought, as it is written in the delightfully *chic* style and with all the humour and bonhomie of Mr. John Augustus O'Shea, the brilliant *littérateur*, whose amusing and characterful lecture on "Besieged Paris" is this witty Irish raconteur's masterpiece.

TO CURE SKIN DISEASES.—Sulpholine Lotion drives away all eruptions, pimples, blotches, redness, and disfigurements, leaving a clear, spotless skin. Bottles, everywhere.—[ADVT.]

RAILWAY SERVANTS.—Signalmen, Engine-Drivers, Porters, and others, who have frequently long intervals of work between meals, should drink CADBURY'S COCOA, a sustaining beverage, agreeable and comforting, during long spells of work. Beware of imitations.—[ADVT.]

THE LAST DAY AT WIMBLEDON: THE QUEEN'S PRIZE WINNER, AND THE SILVER AND BRONZE MEDALLISTS.

THE PEOPLE'S ARMY

The End of Wimbledon.

After the Commander-in-Chief had visited the Camp at Wimbledon on the days the Queen's Prize was decided—and, indeed, spent but a very short time at the Camp—a strange rumour got about the place, running to the effect that his Royal Highness had withdrawn all his opposition, and that henceforth the Wimbledon meetings would continue every July as usual. Who was the wag which sent this wild goose adrift cannot be guessed, but his bird had a magnificent flight, and there were even people who thought that the great announcement was being reserved for the last day, and that the statement would be made at the prize presentation. Of course, it was not; and everybody now accepts the position that we have seen the last of Wimbledon.

A Tame Finish.

Really the National Rifle Association might have made a little more display over the last day. It was very good of Countess Wharncliffe—his Lordship is a former chairman of council—to present the prizes; but it had been hoped that, if not her Majesty, one of the Princesses would have graced the proceedings by her presence and given honour to the past of a great institution, as well as hope for its future. There was no speech; not a "Good-bye" of any sort.

The Three Queen's Men

received especial cheers as their names were read out by Captain Mildmay. Rippon is an old hand, and there is a curious tale about him that, not having been in the Queen's hundred before, he had told his friends that whenever he did get there he would be at the top of the list. If this be so he has certainly kept his word and done well, at least so far as the Bronze Medal was concerned; for to be at the head of the representative Volunteers in a shoot at 200, 500, and 600 yards is a great distinction. Wattleworth, who has the Silver Medal for his performance in the same shoot, but with an extra one at 500 and 600 thrown in, is a younger man than Rippon, but his name has been long in the front rank of shooting men at Wimbledon, as elsewhere. His success was so great in the second stage this year that his prospects for the Queen's £250 and the Gold Medal were considered very good. But his high lead, though it served to give him a fine place at the end, did not carry him quite to the highest honours. There can be no question that the present system of making the scores cumulative from the first shot in the Queen's to the last is good. It is a severe trial, and many break down under it; but it is the nearest approach to a perfect selection by merit we can have. And so, as the longest range was being fired, it was evident that other men were coming into the culminating struggle—Pearse and Reid. The former is an old marksman, who won the Queen's fourteen years ago; the latter, a young man of one-and-twenty. It was a battle between long and mature experience before targets everywhere and youthful eye, nerve, and vigour. The same qualities may be seen in contest everywhere, and it is hard to decide which to swear by. But youth prevailed this time; and Reid, who is, I believe, a young telegraph operator, belonging to the Glasgow Engineers, beat the Devonshire Major in a fair stand-up fight, in which both did their very best.

And now, as the Volunteer drill season is closing, comes

The Kaiser's Review,

and the War Office, anxious to make a big display before the master of an army whose numbers go into millions, is beating about for volunteers to fill out the Aldershot battalions. Aug. 7 is to be a big day in the Long Valley, if Pall Mall can make it so. They are sure of two brigades, anyhow—the one the East London, and the other the Home Counties. Both will be mobilised at the time—the one at Aldershot, and the other at Clewer, where at one time there was a chance of fixing the National Rifle Association. Brigadier Lord Wantage is likely to contribute a big brigade, for the Home Counties command takes in his battalions of Berks, Oxford, and Bucks; and instead of mobilising half his enrolled strength Lord Wantage, alone amongst the brigadiers, has permission to bring up his whole strength if he can. The East London mobilisation is likely to be a small affair, and the Kaiser will think very small beer of London battalions if he judges by this portion of it. A circular has been issued to the London commanding officers all round asking for the presence of their corps, but several of them are understood to have declined already. They know what are the chances of a creditable muster on a Wednesday afternoon.

Machine Guns

having been tried tentatively in a few Regular regiments—both cavalry and infantry—it has now been determined to issue two apiece to ten battalions, all belonging to the First Army Corps. Here, as is often the case now, the Army is following the lead of the Volunteers. A few years ago a London corps was allowed, as a very great favour, to purchase a couple of Nordenfelts; then one or two of these infantry were tried at Aldershot; and now the infantry for foreign service are not complete without them! The British military authorities take a lot of teaching, but they learn at last.

But the Volunteers must get a little more in agreement before they can give the Army a true lead in

Military Cycling.

It was a perfect *mélange* of machines in the cycling competition at Wimbledon this year, though it seemed to me the safeties had their biggest look-in. The Coventry men looked well on their Victoria, and got through their work in good style—better than the regulars used to do on their longer machine down Freshams way last year. The "Flying Sapper" and the Clifton boys is a handy thing, and will carry a lot too; but it did not carry off the prize at Wimbledon. That was for the L. R. B. men on two double machines. Somebody told me that the riders were no wheelmen, and won the prize on their shooting; but they got through in fine so their wheeling seems to have been good enough. The Scottish and some other corps had "trikes"; but if the cycle is ever to be a permanent military steed the "bike" is the thing. The Croydon fellows, who got second prize on these, moved with great dash. But how the rain and wind did blow all the time, to be sure! and how jolly it was for the competitors to wait at the starting-point because somebody had forgotten to bring up the ammunition!

EYES FRONT.

The Manchester Boy who succeeded in getting the Shah-in-Shah to buy a penny biography of himself has been rivalled by a flower-girl at Eastbourne. The occasion was the Duchess of Albany's visit. Having been forbidden entrance to the platform of the railway station the girl scrambled over a fence at some way up the line, eluded the officials, and triumphantly presented the Duchess with a bunch of flowers. The Eastbourne girl and the Manchester boy ought to go into partnership for life. They would make a success in any line of business.

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

GLADSTONE AND GLADNESS should, indeed, be closely coupled in the week which sees the Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone cordially celebrated by all classes of the community; Her Majesty the Queen, the purity of whose Court is one of its brightest features, uniting with her subjects in warmly congratulating the right hon. gentleman and his devoted wife on the happy event. We offer the veteran Statesman — thrice Prime Minister of the Realm—and Mrs. Gladstone our sincere felicitations. It is an occasion when politicians of all parties may drop their dissensions, and join in the tribute paid to one of the most illustrious men of the Victorian era—a tribute of hearty admiration for the veteran orator, whose grand public career has been cheered and lightened by the companionship of the most sympathetic of helpmates.

* * * *

A brief review of Mr. Gladstone's life will make clear the country's indebtedness to the venerable Liberal Leader, who bears his seventy-nine years with astonishing ease, walking erect and with vigour, and speaking with the energy and vivacity of one who has seemingly discovered the secret of perpetual youth. Mr. Gladstone, in a word, remains a marvel.

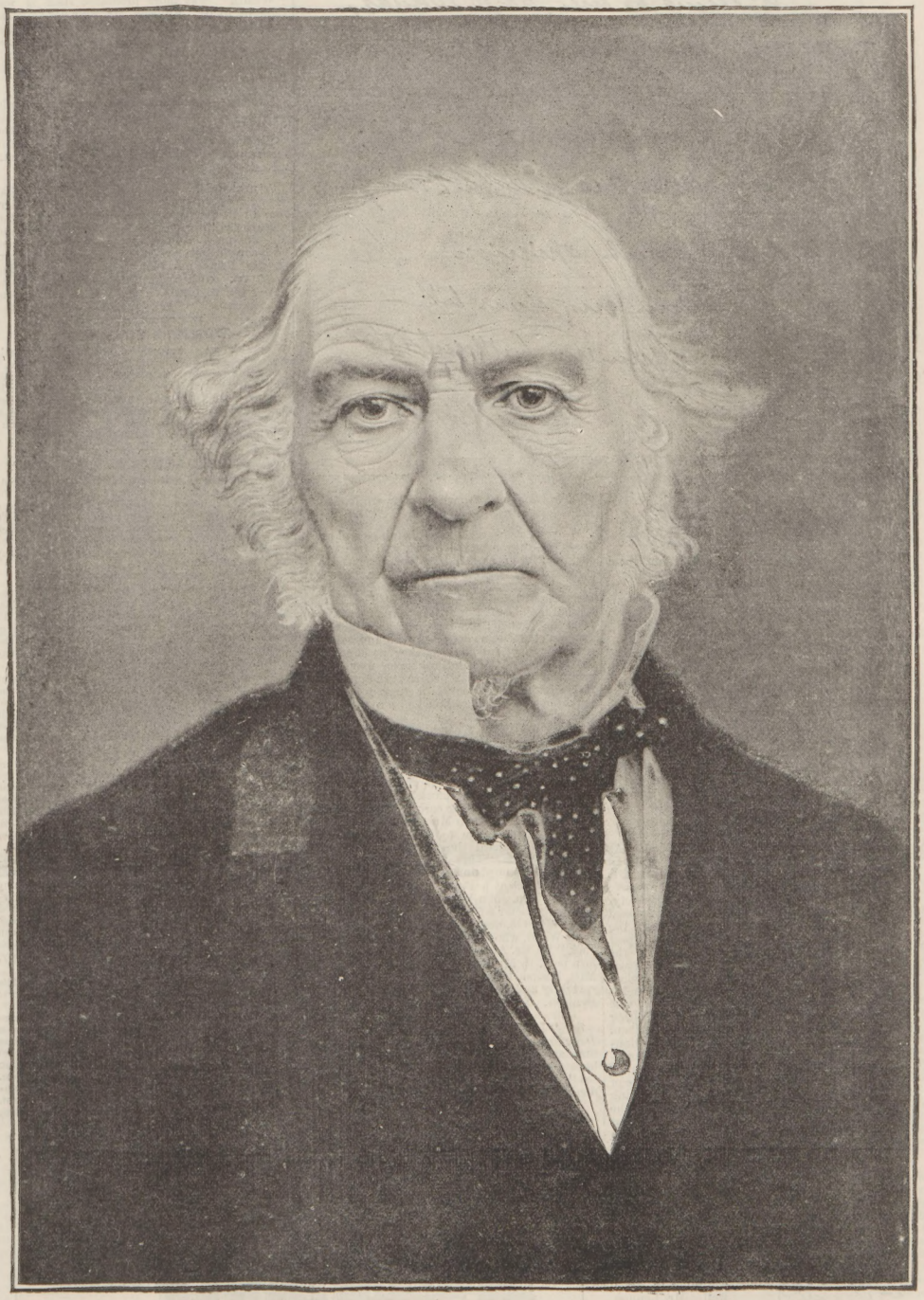
* * * *

William Ewart Gladstone, born at Liverpool on December 20, 1809, was the fourth son of the late Sir John Gladstone, a Liverpool merchant. He was educated at Eton, and at Christchurch College, Oxford, where he took double first-class honours; was elected M.P. for Newark in December, 1832; and has almost ever since been a member of the House of Commons. He was appointed by Sir Robert Peel, in December, 1834, a Junior Lord of the Treasury, and in February, 1835, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, but retired from office with Sir Robert Peel in April of that year. In 1841, when Sir Robert Peel gained power, Mr. Gladstone became Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint, and one of the Privy Council. He succeeded the Earl of Ripon as President of the Board of Trade in 1843, and became Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1845. Having resigned his seat for Newark, during the breach of the Conservative party on account of the repeal of the Corn Laws, he was elected M.P. for the University of Oxford in August, 1847. His widening Liberal opinions then began to separate him from his former political connections, and his re-election in 1852 was contested, but he kept his seat.

* * * *

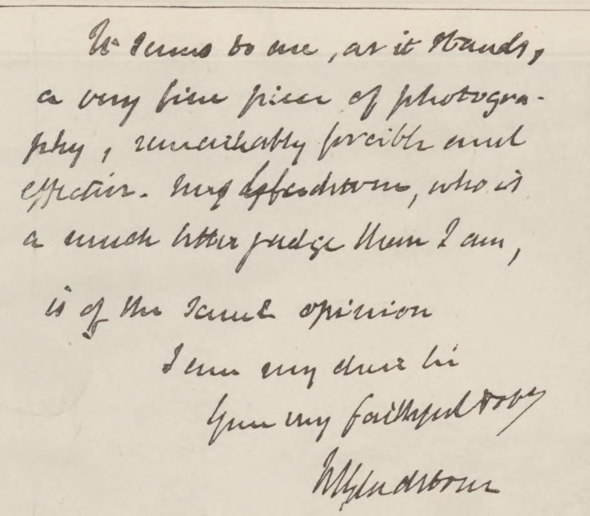
Mr. Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Aberdeen's Ministry, formed in December, 1852, but did not long retain that office after the reconstruction of the Government by Lord Palmerston during the Crimean War. In the winter of 1858, when the late Earl of Derby was Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone undertook a special mission to the Ionian Islands. He again, in June, 1859, became Chancellor of the Exchequer—this time in the Cabinet formed by Lord Palmerston, of which Lord Russell was an important member; and his financial achievements, with the French commercial treaty of 1860, greatly contributed to the popularity of a Liberal Administration. Having been rejected by the University of Oxford at the election of 1865, he was returned for South Lancashire, from which event may be dated the commencement of his later political career in the leadership of the Liberal party. On the death of Lord Palmerston, in the same year, Mr. Gladstone became the acknowledged leader of the House of Commons, still holding his office in the Ministry of Earl Russell, till it was overthrown by Mr. Disraeli and the late Lord Derby; and in 1868, taking his stand, for the Opposition, on the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment, he defeated the Conservative Ministry, and came into full power. Having lost his seat for South-West Lancashire, he was now M.P. for Greenwich—thanks to the public spirit of a Greenwich committee headed by Mr. William Frederick Rock and Dr. W. C. Bennett, whose timely services do not appear to have been recognised by Mr. Gladstone as they should have been, considering that in all probability he would not have been able to assume the Premiership at that juncture if the seat for Greenwich had not been voluntarily provided for him. Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister from the December of '68 till 1874, when an appeal to the country resulted in the return of Mr. Disraeli to power, as head of the Conservative Ministry, which kept in office till 1880. A turn in the political wheel then brought Mr. Gladstone back to Downing-street, with a turbulent Irish Party to deal with. He remained Premier till 1885, when the Marquis of Salisbury succeeded him. On the defeat of the Salisbury Ministry in the New Year of 1886 Mr. Gladstone resumed the burdens of the Premiership, but was defeated in his endeavours to hurriedly settle the Irish Land and Home Rule Questions; Lord Hartington, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Chamberlain being among the Liberals who voted with the Conservatives against his Bills. With the strong support of the Liberal Unionist party, Lord Salisbury has since then been maintained in power by a good majority; while the right hon. member for Midlothian has become more and more closely allied with the Parnellite Home Rulers.

It was on the 25th of July, 1839, that Mr. Gladstone had the good fortune to marry the elder daughter of Sir Stephen Richard Glynne. Their Golden Wedding, kept *en famille* and at Hawarden Castle on Thursday, will be the occasion of a grand fête on Friday evening, July 26, at the National Liberal Club. No less than three fine bands will play inspiriting music in various parts of this palatial establishment—the celebrated Blue Hungarian Band performing in the Smoking-room, with Herr Bérkes Béla as conductor; Mr. Dan Godfrey's Orchestral Band in the Library; and the London Military Band, of which Sir Arthur Sullivan is president, on the terrace of the club. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone will be received by the Committee of the National Liberal Club, and will be presented in the Reading-room with a handsome commemorative album, designed by Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A.; Mr. J. MacWhirter, A.R.A.; Mr. Alfred Parsons, R.I.; Mr. Arthur Severn, R.I.; Mr. Henry Holiday and Mr. Walter Crane.



THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

(*From the Photograph by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, 230, Regent-street.*)


It seems to me, as it stands, a very fine piece of photography, remarkably forcible and effective. Mrs Gladstone, who is a much better judge than I am, is of the same opinion

I am my dear Sir

Your very faithful & obly

W E Gladstone

FACSIMILE OF MR. GLADSTONE'S HANDWRITING.

(*Written to the Regent-street Photographer, Mr. Samuel Walker, on receipt of the portrait reproduced on the previous page.*)

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

By far the most successful Royal Italian Opera season for many a long year will be brought to a close this (Saturday) evening with a final performance of Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," with the popular Mario-like tenor Jean De Reszké (the comparison is her Gracious Majesty's) as the best Romeo the lyric stage can furnish. As impresario of unquestioned energy and skill and good taste and consummate judgment, Mr. Augustus Harris thoroughly merited the hearty support of the musical public and of Society. He has produced each opera with unsurpassed grandeur. The second performance of "Die Meistersinger," albeit lasting from half-past seven to near midnight, was one of the greatest musical treats I have ever experienced. What some deem Wagner's masterpiece was rendered to perfection by Signor Mancinelli's superb orchestra, and by Jean De Reszké and M. Lassalle (incomparable as the Walther De Stolzing and Hans Sachs), by Albani as Eva, Isnardon as Beckmesser, M. Montariol as the jaunty David, Mdlle. Bauermeister as Magdalena. The Wagnerites rapturously applauded this beautiful performance of the lyric drama, whose hero succeeds in winning the honours as Master-singer in order to gain the hand of fair and dulcet Eva. Let me add that the English libretto of "Die Meistersinger" is by Mr. Corder.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

Despite the secession of erratic Mabel Love from the Gaiety Company, the remarkably successful burlesque of "Faust Up to Date," by Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. H. Pettitt, continues to draw well. Mr. Lonnen has had his benefit long ago. Another favourite comedian, Mr. George Stone, whose drollery has contributed greatly to the prosperity of the diverting piece, appeals to his friends to attend his benefit at the Gaiety this (Saturday) afternoon. Troop in. George merits your suffrages. By-the-way, neither Mr. George Edwardes nor the authors have yet brought an action for libel against Mrs. Fawcett, who made a slanderous aspersion against "Faust Up to Date" in her bigoted letter to the *Times*. But I observe "Dagonet" gave the vituperative lady a Roland for her Oliver in Sunday's *Referee*.

MR. E. J. LONNEN AS "MEPHISTO."

If you want a hearty laugh — and who doesn't?—drop into the Court, and join in the cachinnations occasioned by Mrs. John Wood as "Aunt Jack," the breach-of-promise pursuer of Colonel Tavernor, in the new farcical comedy by Mr. Ralph Lumley, author of "The Deputy Registrar." I take it that "Aunt Jack" is from the French; otherwise, we shouldn't have London barristers doubling the functions of counsel and of solicitors as they practically do in "Aunt Jack." But, whatever may be the origin of "Aunt Jack," there is the undoubted fact that the new play is a great provoker of laughter, and sets the whole house roaring at the perturbations of Aunt Jack's briefless nephew, who has married on the sly, and at the confusion worse confounded created when "Aunt Jack" excites the love as well as sympathy of Berkeley Brue (Mr. Arthur Cecil), who proposes to her one evening, and the next morning has to appear in court against her as counsel for the defendant in the breach-of-promise case. The culminating moment of fun is when Mrs. John Wood is called by the jocose Judge to the box to sing the ditty which caused the fiery Colonel to break off the match. This song, "Ask a Policeman," which the plaintiff had sung in the costume of a constable at a Penny Reading, is sung with gusto by Mrs. John Wood, who has in this fresh part a character which suits her "down to the ground." Go, and be moved to mirth by Mrs. John Wood, who is capitally supported in "Aunt Jack" by Mr. Arthur Cecil in the aforesaid lovelorn part, by Mr. Eric Lewis as Caleb Cornish, by Miss Rosina Filippi, Miss Florence Wood (her sprightly and comely daughter), and Mr. A. M. Denison.

So "London Day by Day"—the familiar *Daily Telegraph* heading—is to be used by MM. Sims and Pettitt for the new Adelphi drama they have been writing in their "cottage by the sea" at Cromer. Meantime, don't miss "The Shaughraun" at the Adelphi.

I gather from Mr. Tree's speech at the Haymarket last Saturday that Mr. Henry A. Jones's "Wealth" was more profitable than it was thought to be. Anyway, Mr. Tree has commissioned Mr. Jones to write a new play for him. Theatre-goers will rejoice to learn that Mr. Tree has secured a fresh lease of the Haymarket, which he will reopen in September with an English version of "Roger la Honte."

The benefit kindly organised for Mr. J. Arnold Cave at the Opéra Comique was chiefly notable for the admirable address in verse written for the bénéficiaire by Mr. Byron Webber, and for the reappearance of Mr. Boucicault with Mr. Cave in a scene from "The Shaughraun."

A new Balfe! The musical talents of that young master of melody, Mr. Walter Slaughter, found vent on July 18 in a new English opera, "Marjorie," libretto by Mr. Lewis Clifton and Mr. Joseph J. Dilley. "Marjorie" was tried with conspicuous success by Mr. Horace Sedger, at the Prince of Wales'; and its charming music was so thoroughly enjoyed that I hope to have room to dilate on the merits of the opera next week.

THESPIS.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

Washerwoman (on whom enthusiastic Female Suffragist has called during business hours): "No, I don't want a vote; haven't got the time." Female Suffragist: "But if you had a vote, whom would you support?" Washerwoman: "The same man I've been supporting the last ten years." Female Suffragist: "Who's that?" Washerwoman: "Why, my husband, of course."

A CANDIDATE FOR A "SEAT."

Some amusement was created in the House of Commons during the Home Secretary's speech on the Tithe Bill by the action of a stranger who had been admitted to a seat under the gallery. Preferring a place a little nearer the Speaker, the stranger climbed over the partition, and was proceeding to join the ranks of the Ministerialists, when he was arrested by an attendant and led away.

A Chapel Destroyed by Fire.—A fire, the origin of which is at present unknown, broke out last Monday night in the private chapel of Mr. H. P. Baxter, at Southall. Engines from Kew, Ealing, and Castle-hill were promptly on the scene; but the conflagration continued until the building was completely burned out.

The Grand Duke of Hesse, who will arrive at Buckingham Palace on Friday on a visit to the Queen, is coming to England on purpose to attend the Royal wedding, and he goes back to Darmstadt early next week, but will return about the end of next month with Princess Alix, when they are to be her Majesty's guests at Balmoral for a few weeks.

The Paris Exhibition.—The number of visitors by ticket to the Paris Exhibition during the first fortnight of July, including those who went to the cattle-show last week, was 1,997,232, as against 979,181 during the corresponding period in 1878. The total number of visitors from the opening to the 15th inst. was 6,207,824, or an increase of 1,885,266 over 1878, when the total for the same time was 4,322,558.

The Deptford Poisoning Case.—At the Greenwich Police-Court, on Monday, Elizabeth Frost was charged, on remand, with murdering three persons by poisoning them at Deptford. The Treasury, however, withdrew the charge of murder, and prosecuted the prisoner for forging the insurance claims. The body of Mrs. Winters, whose name has recently been made so prominent in connection with the cases, was buried on Monday, at the Deptford Cemetery, Brockley, in unconsecrated ground.

Yachting in the English Channel.—The principal yacht-race of the season of the Cinque Ports Yacht Club took place in the Channel on Monday, in a strong fair breeze from the north-west. There were eleven entries, and the race, which was a splendid one, was accomplished in the shortest time on record. The schooner Amphitrite was awarded the first prize, and the Deerhound the second, winning on time allowance. Times: Wendur, 2 h. 14 min. 28 sec.; Amphitrite, 2 h. 17 min. 42 sec.; Vol-au-Vent, 2 h. 36 min. 29 sec.; Gudrun, 2 h. 48 min. 52 sec.; Paradox, 2 h. 59 min. 30 sec.; Deerhound, 3 h. 21 min. 23 sec.

[*The above view of the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women, at 232-234, Marylebone-road, is given as an example of the many excellent charities in London the Prince and Princess of Wales have generously helped. Notwithstanding his many other engagements, the Prince arranged on Wednesday to lay the memorial stone of the new building, imparting a healthy stimulus to the flow of public subscriptions for this admirable charity.*]

SAMARITAN FREE HOSPITAL IN THE MARYLEBONE-ROAD, PATRONISED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

LEGAL COLUMN

IX.—THE CONTRACT OF MARRIAGE AND BREACH OF PROMISE.

Whatever view theologians may take upon the subject, the English law considers marriage in the dry light of a contract, and, with some variations, the usual law of contracts applies to marriages. But there are some special legal incidents of the marriage contract, and it is one of such wide social importance that we propose in this article to deal specially with it, and with some points incidentally arising in connection with it. Every person may marry unless under some disability. The first, of course,

Most Obvious Disability

is the existence of a prior marriage, the other husband or wife being alive at the time of the second marriage. Although in some cases a person going through the second ceremony of marriage may, like the wife of Enoch Arden, escape a prosecution for bigamy, of course the second marriage is not valid.

A Second Ground of Incapacity

is want of reason. But it is obvious that this rule must have a very liberal construction, or, otherwise, many marriages would be held void. The readers of this paper will recollect the recent case of a noble Lord who endeavoured unsuccessfully to annul his own marriage on the ground of his wife's want of reason at the time. The marriage of a lunatic is void, unless made in a lucid interval. A third ground of incapacity is

Relationship

within certain prohibited degrees. In such cases these cannot enter into a legal marriage, even if the parties go abroad to perform the ceremony in countries where the law is less strict. Stated shortly, it may be said that marriages cannot take place between persons who are related in the ascending and descending line. This rule is clear and familiar to all. Everyone knows there cannot be a marriage between grandfather and grandchild. Between *collateral* relations marriages are prohibited to the third degree inclusive, reckoning from, but exclusive of, one of the persons related, up to the "common stock," or common ancestor, and so down to the other person. Prohibitions in the case of collaterals extend not only to persons related by blood, but to those related by marriage. Thus, not only is a man prohibited from marrying his own sister, to whom he is related in the second degree, but also his sister's daughter, and his deceased wife's sister's daughter, to both of whom he is related in the third degree. But a man may marry his first cousin, for she is in the fourth degree. The law, moreover, does not consider that the

Blood Relations of the Husband

are necessarily related to those of the wife; therefore, a man may marry the widow of his deceased wife's brother. Age is no disqualification, as we all know, but youth is. Male persons under fourteen and females under twelve cannot make a binding contract of marriage; but if they should marry and continue living together after those ages they need not be married again. However, this is happily rather one of the curiosities of the law than of practice, and need not be further discussed.

A Promise of Marriage

at a future time is not binding unless the person making it is of full age—namely, twenty-one. Where there are mutual promises to marry, and one of the persons only is under twenty-one, the other person is bound by the contract and is liable to an action if it be broken; but the minor may treat the contract as void. The only way in which a minor can be fixed with a promise to marry is if the person formerly a minor make a *fresh promise* after attaining twenty-one years of age. Of course, in law, there is nothing to prevent an action being brought for

Breach of a Marriage Contract

either by the intended husband or the intended wife. Men rarely have the courage to bring such actions. Nor is it easy for them to prove any damages. In all actions for "breach of promise" it must be shown that the time within which the marriage was to be performed has arrived, or, if it be a general promise, that a reasonable time has elapsed, or that any other condition precedent to the marriage has been performed. An Act passed in 1869 provides that no plaintiff in an action for breach of promise of marriage shall recover a verdict unless his or her testimony shall be corroborated by some other material evidence in support of such promise. If the "other material evidence" be in the form of letters, such letters do not require to be stamped. It is, of course, no defence to an action for damages for breach of promise of marriage that the person making the promise was already married. The law does not in any case enforce marriage contracts, but it will give

Damages against a Person

who enters into such a contract knowing that he had no power to perform it, just as in the case where he has the power and is unwilling. Bodily infirmity, arising after the contract for marriage, is a good reason for either of the parties to break off. Misrepresentation and fraud, whereby the defendant was induced to make the promise, is of course also a good defence. If it can be shown by the unfortunate defendant that the plaintiff was a loose and immodest woman, and that he broke his promise on that account, it would be a good defence, unless the plaintiff could show that the defendant was aware of this circumstance when he made the promise. If a man enters into a promise of marriage in ignorance of the fact that the woman has had an illegitimate child, and he discovers that fact before the marriage, he can refuse to carry out the contract, even though the child was born more than ten years previously and the conduct of the woman may have since been perfectly correct. But if the man knew, or had reason to know, at the time of the promise that the woman had had such a child, and gave that afterwards as his reason for refusing to marry, that would be no defence. Where there has been seduction as well as breach of promise the female plaintiff may recover not only for pecuniary loss in not becoming defendant's wife, but for the injury done to her future prospects of marriage. A jury always tries these cases and assesses damages; but such actions cannot be brought in a county court. In the next article we will first deal with the formal contract of marriage, and then the husband's liability for his wife's debts.

LEX.

GARDENING IN SEASON

Flower Garden.

The rain has started everything nicely in growth again, and our gardens now present a much fresher and brighter appearance than a fortnight ago. The grass is once more quite green, and to keep it in good condition the machine must be run over it once if not twice a week, and the verges as regularly trimmed with the shears.

Herbaceous Plants,

under which term is included an almost innumerable variety of hardy perennials and biennials, are slowly but surely superseding the "bedding-out" style, the rage for which set in about the time of the great Exhibition of 1851. I do not suppose that the gaudy carpet-beds will ever be entirely banished from our gardens; but they must now take a secondary place, and rightly so too. By the use of the class of plants mentioned we do not get such a blaze of colour at any one time, as with the gayer exotics; but they afford a much longer succession of flowers, an infinitely greater variety, and a more natural effect. I was recently very much struck by the superior appearance produced by a well-arranged collection of herbaceous plants over the more usual style of garden ornamentation, when travelling lately by train, along the back of a number of suburban residences with rather extensive gardens. In all but one the bedding-out system was carried out more or less badly (I was on the point of writing "well," but the other word is more correct), while in the case of the sole exception, a fine collection of hollyhocks, larkspurs, Canterbury bells and other campanulas, pentstemons, phloxes, and others gave a most charming effect.

Ivy-leafed Pelargoniums

(or geraniums) are really beautiful things, as now grown. With one or two exceptions, the old single kinds are now quite out of date, the newer double-flowered varieties far surpassing them in beauty. Besides being grand for hanging-baskets, window-boxes, and so forth, they make very handsome out-door beds, and are among the best of all plants for conservatory decorations when well grown in pots. They do not need very rich soil—indeed, this causes them to make too much foliage—and to be seen at their best should be planted very firmly in rather poor, loamy soil. Some of the best kinds are Madame Thibaut (deep lilac-pink), Comte H. De Choiseul (rich salmon-pink), Murillo (crimson), Hofgartner Eichler (soft scarlet), F. J. Von Hohenzollern ([illegible]), and Sarah Bernhardt (white). The

Early-Flowering Chrysanthemums

are very useful plants to grow, especially where many cut flowers are required. If cuttings of some of the best kinds are struck in February and planted out towards the end of April or early in May in good soil, they will commence blooming in June or early in July, and continue in flower until September. A few of the earliest and best are Madame Piccol, Lyon, scarlet gem, Anastasia, Illustration, and Flora.

One of the best of all plants for supplying plenty of cut flowers is the annual

Chrysanthemum Coronarium.

The plants are raised from seed sown either under glass early in spring, pricked off, and planted out in April or May, or else sown in April where they are to flower, and thinned out to one or two feet apart when up. The strongest and most forward seedlings almost invariably produce single flowers, but if the best of the smaller and later ones are left they will prove mostly double. There are two colours—a deep golden yellow and a creamy white; the plants are very hardy, make fine bushes, and if the flowers are cut as they fade (or before) and seeding thus prevented, they give a constant succession of flowers from June till the end of September. The

Fraxinella

(Dictamnus fraxinella) is a pretty hardy border plant, with spikes of purple flowers about two feet in height in June; there is also a white variety. A peculiar property of this plant has attracted a good deal of attention lately. The whole plant, but especially the flower-spike, is densely clothed with glandular hairs which exude a quantity of inflammable oil. If, therefore, on a still warm evening a lighted match is applied at the base of the flower-spike, a bright flash of flame will be seen to run up among the blossoms.

Work to be Done

Outdoor work comprises the budding of roses, layering carnations, and striking cuttings of pinks in sandy soil under handlights or in a frame, shaded of course. Cuttings of [illegible] and other pelargoniums, as well as of [illegible] marguerites, and many other plants, will now root readily if inserted firmly in sandy soil in the open ground. For most subjects thus treated a lightly shaded situation is necessary, but the pelargoniums should be exposed to the full blaze of the sun; in this way they make splendid plants with very little trouble, and should be taken up, potted, and removed to the greenhouse for the winter at the end of September. Any shoots of carnations that cannot be layered may be rooted in the same manner.

Hollyhocks are frequently attacked by the disease in hot dry weather; the appearance of brownish warty-looking excrescences on the under side of the leaves is the first indication of its presence. All leaves so affected should be picked off and burnt, a thorough soaking of liquid manure be administered, and the plants well syringed with Gishurst compound. Sow seed of intermediate stocks for next year's flowering.

In the greenhouse, Chinese primulas should be at once placed in the pots in which they are to flower, those five or six inches across being sufficiently large; seed of the large-flowering herbaceous calceolarias sown—these will flower next May and June, and are highly ornamental—and cinerarias be picked off from the seed pans, potted on as fast as possible, and a little more seed sown for spring-flowering. All the above will succeed best for the next month or six weeks in an airy frame facing the north, or else placed in the shade of distant trees. Many persons are puzzled to know what plants will

Grow in Rooms,

especially where gas is burnt, this being neither more nor less than poison to plant-life, so that few flowering subjects can long exist where it is much used. A few plants that *will* live and even grow fairly well for years in the window of the dingiest room in the smokiest part of London are—(1), Aspidistra lurida, sometimes called the parlour palm, a plant with long deep green leaves, striped with creamy white, and rising directly from the soil; (2), Dracæna Australis, D. indivisa, and D. gracilis, with slender stems and gracefully drooping leaves; (3), the india-rubber plant (Ficus elastica), almost too well known to need description; (4), the elegant Norfolk Island pine, a hardy and beautifully shaped tree, forming an excellent pot-plant while in a small state; (5), several of the hardier kinds of palms; and, lastly, camellias, orange-trees (easily raised from pips), and myrtles.

Savoys, Broccoli,

and other winter greens may still be planted. Get them all in as soon as possible now, watering the ground well first, if very dry. Lift early potatoes, and either plant the ground with any of the last-mentioned or sow it with turnips or winter spinach. Pull up, dry, and store shallots and garlic, and break down the stalks of autumn-sown onions to prevent their growing any more.

Fruit Garden.

Continue the summer pruning of all sorts of choice fruit-trees, those growing against walls in particular. Weakly trees should be left a little later than the rest, plenty of foliage encouraging a free flow of sap, and strengthening them considerably. See that peaches, choice pears, Morello cherries, and other trees against walls are well supplied with moisture at the root, especially if carrying a heavy crop. If dry they cannot swell up the fruit properly.

Finish layering strawberries into small pots for forcing, and prepare beds to be planted almost immediately with this year's runners. The earlier in the season strawberries are planted the better, as if forward they will produce a moderate crop next summer. The ground should be trenched two or three feet deep and well manured to do them justice.

B. C. R.

The Secret of Success.—What commands the spontaneous homage of Mankind? Sterling Honesty of Purpose! Without it Life is a Sham! "A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—Adams. Caution.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked Eno's "Fruit Salt." Without it you have been imposed on by worthless imitations. Sold by all Chemists. Prepared only at Eno's "Fruit Salt" Works, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's patent.—[Advt.]

OUR VILLAGE: No. VI.—A GARDEN PARTY.

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ART FOR THE PEOPLE

It seems that Millet's "Angelus" (sketched in *The Penny Illustrated Paper* of last week) is to go to America, after all, the French Government not having voted the necessary grant proposed by the Budget Committee. It is a pity, for the picture belongs by right to the Louvre. A fact not noted at the time of the Secrétan sale is that the American bid was virtually higher than the French, since the American bidder had to consider not only the actual price offered for the picture, but the duty of 30 per cent which the American Government levies upon all foreign works of art. I notice that just now there is hardly a print-shop in London that has not a copy of the "Angelus" in its window.

Millet's "Le Vanneur," at the Christie sale of seventeen of the Secrétan pictures, brought 3400 guineas—not much more than a sixth of the price offered for the "Angelus." It is a picture of a peasant in a barn winnowing corn, and it was first sold for five hundred francs—twenty pounds! And yet it had a genuine success when first exhibited at the Salon, which was not the fate of many of Millet's now most famous pictures. Unfortunately, it was sent to the Salon of 1848, when men had other things to think of. A time of revolution is not a time of picture-buying.

A pathetic story is connected with it. While it hung in the Salon Carré of the Salon, Millet in his little cottage at Barbizon was starving. Some of his friends, however, by one means or another, secured for him a hundred francs. When they brought it to him he was sitting huddled up on a box in his studio in the twilight. "Thank you," he said, "it comes in time. We have not eaten for two days, but the important thing is that the children have not suffered. Until to-day they have had food." Then he went out and bought wood, for he was freezing as well as starving, and his friends never again heard him speak of that dreadful time. It was not only because he lived in their midst, but because he suffered with them, that Millet painted the peasants as no other man ever has, with the fullest sympathy for the sadness and helplessness of their share of the world's work.

Now that the medals for painting, sculpture, and engraving have all been awarded at the French Exhibition, there is discontent enough in England, as in some cases there may well be. Take one of the most glaring. In the department of engraving Whistler has been awarded absolutely nothing, and yet he is without question one of the greatest etchers of modern times. Had he never touched a brush, he would still be ranked as one of the most original and greatest artists of the day. It seems, too, that many R.A.'s—whether disinterestedly or not, it would be difficult to say—decided not to compete for the awards, so as to give a chance to the younger men, and, therefore, sent a very small exhibit of their work. But somehow or other, owing to some misunderstanding, they were treated as competitors, and have received second and third class medals, which is probably exactly what they wanted to avoid.

The juries appointed are accused of cliquism, no doubt with an amount of justice. But the fact is, it is almost an impossibility that the working of these juries should be more satisfactory than the ruling of such bodies as the Royal Academy in this country. That cliquism prevails in this institution is almost universally admitted. And even in France, where there is more disinterested love for art and a finer critical sense than in England, the awards of the Salon are often very seriously questioned; while it is a well-known fact that one art-critic has become such a power among artists in making or marring their reputation that he levies a regular blackmail upon them. That this is all wrong no one denies: how it is to be amended no one has yet pointed out.

There is much disappointment, too, about the Frank Holl Memorial Fund. Perhaps you remember that each individual subscription was limited to five guineas: as a consequence, the amount is not nearly so large as it was hoped it would be. It has reached the sum of £600, and the list is to be closed. This money will be devoted to placing a memorial to Frank Holl in the crypt of St. Paul's, and in doing this the committee will be very much hampered because of the scandalous (there is no other adjective for it) fee they will have to pay to the Cathedral authorities. That our expression of respect for our great fellow-countrymen should be, in what is supposed to be a national church, thus taxed is one of those evils which it is high time to do away with. Whose duty is it to interfere?

The smallness of the fund will not allow the committee to carry out the original plan of buying one of Holl's pictures for the National Gallery. This is to be regretted. The Louvre collection of modern French work is already more important than the National Gallery collection—if it deserves the name—of modern English work. But still it is doubtful whether the committee would have been able to obtain one of Holl's really good pictures, since these were all portraits. There would be even more cause for regret if in a national collection he were to be represented by one of his morbid sentimental pictures, instead of by one of his really fine portraits—those, that is, painted before he allowed himself to become careless and slovenly in his work.

To Darken Grey Hair.—Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—[Advt.]

THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD.

BERLIN.

The German Reichshauptstadt

(IMPERIAL capital), as Berlin is now called, is no doubt a subject replete with interest for British readers. There are many pleasant as well as sad reminiscences connected with the place for Englishmen. The saddest is the premature death of the Emperor Frederick. Were he still alive, the beloved Princess Royal, the Empress Frederick, would have occupied the proudest position in the German Fatherland.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM II.

The Emperor William,

her son, is about to visit the Queen, and it may be hoped that only good will result from this visit, and that the two Royal families, as well as the two mighty nations, united by every tie of kinship, will continue to live in complete harmony.

The City of Berlin.

Among European cities, the rapid growth of Berlin during the present century may be justly regarded as one of the marvels of the age. To trace its inception back to its very origin would lead too far, although, under some other name, Berlin came into existence during the latter part of the twelfth century. In the year 1500 Berlin had a population of 12,000 souls, which, a century and a half afterwards, had decreased to 6100, but now it has attained the stupendous figure of upwards of

One Million and a Half.

In fact, the growth of the city is proceeding with such regularity that its future may be gauged with almost mathematical certainty. And the forecast of statisticians, that by the end of the present century the population will reach about 2,000,000, is most likely to be realised. With the growth of its inhabitants Berlin has, of course, grown in size. Like the British metropolis, it is constantly swallowing up the villages, hamlets, and townlets in its immediate vicinity, and would have probably extended still further long ago, if, as in London, the system of one family one house were in vogue.

Although the richness of the scenery of its immediate environs cannot be compared with that of other great cities, the "Athens on the Spree" is not wanting in charming rural spots. Foremost among these is the town of

Potsdam,

mentioned in the tenth century as Pozdupimi (Under the Oaks). Nature as well as Art has done much for the place. It stands in the same relation to Berlin as Windsor and Osborne do to London, being a Royal residence. A short railway trip of about thirty-five minutes—third class return, 1 m. 50 pf. (1s. 6d.)—lands you at the Potsdam *Bahnhof*. With its broad straight-lined streets and many palatial buildings, Potsdam produces at once an agreeable impression upon the beholder. The constantly prevailing quiet makes one think, even on a working day, that it is holy sabbath, and the officers garrisoned here find it so slow that they seek their amusements in Berlin. Situated on an island of about sixteen miles in circumference, Nature herself has set limits to its expansion. In 1817 its population numbered 23,362, and now there are about 48,000 inhabitants, besides upwards of 7000 soldiers who form the garrison. The trade of the place seems to develop. The railway does for Potsdam what it has done for other places, and without railways Berlin would not have been able to compete with the great commercial centres of the world, as it has no great waterway. The river Havel gives Potsdam an excellent means of communication with the interior of Germany. But the bustle of great cities is never likely to reach this country town.

The Sightseer

is sure to find much to interest him both in the town and its surroundings. The tramways offer a cheap means of conveyance. The fare varies from 1d. to 2d.—namely, 10pf., 15pf., and 20pf. Carriage accommodation is not over-costly, and by steam-boat you can reach some of the Royal pleasure-grounds and palaces. Excellent guides furnish all the necessary information on this head, the best being Friedel's "Berlin, Potsdam, und Umgebungen," of which the thirty-fifth edition has only just appeared.

On crossing the Lange Brücke (Long Bridge)—it has a length of 350 ft.—over the Havel, which laves the southern part of the town, you are within sight of the Schloss (the Royal Castle). It is a magnificent piece of architecture, with its beautiful colonnades of respectively twenty and thirty-two isolated Corinthian pillars interspersed with groups of wrestlers, and which, opposite the bridge, give a most beautiful effect to the western wing of the castle. Its interior is splendidly furnished, and rich in articles of vertu and objects of art. The portion which used to be inhabited by Frederick the Great is left exactly as it was during his reign. The parades in the large open space between the castle and the pleasure-grounds (Lustgarten) on a sunny day are magnificent spectacles, as they are always held by the Emperor in person.

The Park

which adjoins the Lustgarten contains many statues. But the most remarkable piece of sculpture is a colossal group of stone in the middle of the grand pond, representing Neptune and Thetis on a shell-formed chariot surrounded by Tritons and drawn by sea-horses. It is very pleasant to linger on the banks of this pond in the shade of the oak-trees by which it is surrounded. That huge lime-tree passed on entering the Lustgarten from the Long Bridge, with its rich foliage, is called the "Bittschriften-Linde" (Petition Lime-tree). Persons desirous of presenting petitions to Frederick the Great there awaited his Majesty. One great charm in all the streets and squares of the town are the trees: their verdure gives relief to the eye and picturesqueness to the place.

Remarkable in its structure is the

Palace Barberini

(built in 1771), close to the castle. It is a copy of its namesake in Rome. It is now a private residence. The Town-hall (Rathhaus) is built in the style of that of Amsterdam, and its cupola is surmounted by a huge gilt figure of Atlas supporting the globe. Of course, Potsdam is not wanting in churches. It has five Protestant ones and one Roman Catholic one. The garrison church should be visited. Its steeple is 280 ft. high, and at its summit, which is reached by a staircase of 365 steps, there is a most beautiful chime of bells, which plays a sacred hymn every half-hour. Historically interesting are the French flags captured in the war against Napoleon I., 1813-15, and in the Franco-German War of 1870-71. From the top of the tower a splendid view of Berlin and Brandenburg may be obtained. The French Reformed Church — a Rotunda like the Pantheon of Rome—is of beautiful architecture. But no Englishman should fail to pay a visit to the Friedenskirche (Church of Peace), before the Brandenburg Gate which leads to the gardens of Sanssouci. The construction of this church occupied five years—1845-50. It has the form of a basilica with an isolated clock tower in the Byzantine style. It is approached through an antecourt surrounded by a splendid colonnade. The sacristy of this church contains the mortal remains of the late Emperor Frederick, to be kept there till the completion of the mausoleum to be erected in the atrium for their final resting-place. Two of his children, Princes Sigismund and Waldemar, are likewise buried there. This tomb is surmounted by a figure representing the Angel of Resurrection with a trombone, by Tenerani. The Wilhelmplatz, a square charmingly laid out with plants, has a statue of Frederick William III. by Kiss, but it is certainly not the best of his works. He is much better in the portraiture of animals, especially horses, than in that of men. Noteworthy among the buildings of the town is the Military Orphanage. In it are accommodated 800 boys, sons of deceased soldiers, who are brought up at the public expense. Of course, as in all Prussian towns, there are barracks, and various military schools. Potsdam has also a theatre — the Royal Court Theatre — for the performance of plays and operas during the winter months only. Good hotels, cafés, beer-houses, and pastrycook shops are not wanting, and I am now going to dine at the Deutsche Haus.

Au revoir in Sanssouci.

LEIPZIG-STREET, BERLIN.
(From an Instantaneous Photograph.)

MEN AND WOMEN WHO WEAR HARNESS'S WORLD-FAMED ELECTROPATHIC BATTERY BELT find that it invigorates the debilitated constitution, stimulates the organic action, promotes the circulation, assists digestion, and promptly renews that vital energy, the loss of which is the first symptom of decay. Its healing properties are multifarious; it stimulates the functions of various organs, increases their secretion, gives tone to muscles and nerves, relaxes morbid contractions, improves nutrition, renews exhausted nerve force, and thus promotes the health and vigour of the entire frame. All in search of health should wear this, the only bonâ-fide reliable Electric Belt. Thousands of testimonials. Pamphlet and advice free, personally or by letter, on application to Mr. C. B. Harness, Consulting Medical Electrician (President of the British Association of Medical Electricians), 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place).—[ADVT.]

BRAVERY IN THE ZOO.

A LADY sends to the *Daily Telegraph* an account of an unrecorded act of heroism. She writes: "While the wolves at the Zoological Gardens were being fed on Saturday afternoon one of them leaped over the head of the keeper and escaped into the gardens. There were several children near at hand, and but for the bravery of the keeper they could scarcely have escaped injury. This man instantly seized the animal, and although his hands were terribly bitten—one hand, indeed, being pierced through with the wolf's fangs—he succeeded in mastering the beast and returning it to its cage."

Would you have your baby
Healthy, bright, and good?
Nurse it well and feed it
On Dr. RIDGE'S FOOD.—[ADVT.]

CELANDINE is the only certain Cure for Corns. Never fails to remove by the roots. No cutting. Positively cures in a week. Thousands of testimonials free. 1s. Bottle by post for 14 stamps, from CHAVE and J[illegible], Chemists, Hereford. Sold everywhere. Refuse imitations.—[ADVT.]

VIEW OF POTSDAM, NEAR BERLIN.

CHIEF CITIES AND TOWNS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BIRMINGHAM.—[Letter III., and Last.]

Birmingham is a seat of the most varied industries; and few places can provide the visitor with more

Interesting Industrial Processes.

Brass-working employs over 10,000 people, and consumes 50,000 tons of metal per annum. There are 20,000,000 pens made in Birmingham every week, and each year more than 500 tons of steel are used up in their manufacture. Electroplating was introduced in 1848 by Elkington's, and the various processes may be seen in their works, with the fine finished result at their extensive show-rooms. The problem of what becomes of all the pins assumes a most formidable aspect when we remember that 30,000,000 are made every week in Great Britain, a large proportion of which are produced in Birmingham. I am told that

Idols for the Heathen in Africa

are made in Birmingham, to be sent out, along with rum and brandy, in the same ships which convey Bibles to them; but I have not seen any.

Tangye's Great Engineering Works

are among the institutions of the place. Here were made the hydraulic-jacks used for the Great Eastern steamer. Jewellery, metal-rolling, wire-drawing, small arms, nails, screws, railway-carriages, buttons, steel toys, these are among the various Birmingham products and industries. Cadbury's cocoa works, on the Midland Railway at Bournville, and Osler's glass works are also full of interest. Boulton and Watt's engineering works at Soho are among the historical glories of Birmingham. When George III. visited them he asked what was sold there. "Power" was the brief and pregnant reply. It is interesting to note that

Watt's Private Workshop

remains as he left it. Some industries which were started in Birmingham could not be permanently acclimatised. Cutlers were formerly to be found at Deritend, as already alluded to, but they have long ago carried their industry to Sheffield. Cotton-spinning was established in 1730, but abandoned before the end of last century. Steel was made up till 1797, then was disused for seventy years, and now is again manufactured. Many small industries are still carried on in Birmingham, though, of course, the tendency of industry is there, as everywhere, to production on a large scale, and domestic workshop life is still extant. There is, unhappily, much "sweating" in the clothing and other trades, evidence of which was given by the *Lancet* Commissioner, and before the House of Lords Committee. In no other great city is there such a tendency for each workman to live in a separate house as in Birmingham: this accounts both for the vast area of the city and the mean and dumpy appearance of hundreds of the streets.

The Birmingham Municipality

has a revenue of £300,000 a year. In 1875 it purchased the gas and water supply for £3,000,000, so that private companies can no longer make any profit out of these necessities of life. The police force numbers 500 men, and the visitor will be struck with the exceeding smartness of the helmets they wear. This municipal force contrasts favourably in every respect

MR. J. ORFORD SMITH,
TOWN CLERK OF BIRMINGHAM.

with the London police; being more efficient, less corrupt, and the servants, not the masters, of the citizens.

The Intellectual Life

of the city is well provided for by the Midland Institute and the other educational bodies already mentioned; by the Society of Artists, which organises a spring exhibition of water-colours; Queen's College (originally founded as a school of medicine, in 1828); the philosophical, natural history, and law societies, and other bodies. The concerts are excellent, and the musical festivals of world-wide fame. The theatres are scarcely equal to those of Manchester or Liverpool.

The Churches and Chapels

are numerous and varied. The tone of the Anglican Church is mainly of the "low" order; the Unitarians are exceptionally influential, and the city is the headquarters of a curious little sect called Christadelphians. Jews are numerous in Birmingham, many of them rich, and they have a fine synagogue of the Byzantine order of architecture. The most noted of the Nonconformist ministers is Dr. R. W. Dale. He was noted formerly as a political leader, but since he took to "Liberal Unionism" he has scarcely ever made an appearance in the political arena. Birmingham returns seven members to Parliament—all of them on the Liberal Unionist side.

The Birmingham Press.

The two morning papers are the *Post* (Unionist) and the *Gazette* (Conservative). Both are able papers. The evening papers are the *Mail* (Unionist), very well edited, and the *Times* (Conservative), edited by a clever writer named Jennings. The *Owl* is a capital little comic weekly of advanced Radical views. *Aris's Gazette*, the *Mercury*, and *Weekly Post* are weekly journals.

The Best Side of Birmingham's Public Activity

is in the civic feeling and civic pride which are strong there. The numerous parks, the municipal gas and water works, the large public library, the excellent board schools—all these are symptoms of a public spirit which London might, and no doubt will, with advantage, imitate and improve upon.

Birmingham has had her fair share of eminent men—sons either by birth or adoption.

Baskerville, the Printer,

whose beautiful type is still a pleasure to look upon; Attwood, the political reformer; Priestley, chemist, divine, thinker, and reformer; Murdoch, the inventor of gas;

David Cox,

the landscape artist; Hector, the surgeon, friend of Dr. Johnson; Hutton, the antiquary; Rickman, the historian of architecture; Joseph Sturge; John Bright; George Dawson; Edward A. Freeman; John Henry Newman, and others, are all connected with Birmingham and its environs. Birmingham may be likened to the country of which it is the central city: an ancient and humble origin; a chequered history; for centuries small and little known, but become in later years famous and powerful through labour and invention; her annals illumined by genius, her people vigorous, and all pressing onward to the light of a fuller day.

Ashton Parish Church.—A new clock has just been made and fixed for the parish church at Ashton-under-Lyne by J. W. Benson (church turret clock-maker to her Majesty the Queen), of Ludgate-hill and Old Bond-street, London. It shows the time upon four copper dials, 8 ft. each in diameter, and chimes the celebrated St. Mary's, Cambridge, quarters upon the sixth, seventh, eighth, and eleventh bells of a peal of twelve, and the hours upon the tenor, which weighs 28 cwt.

The Great Eastern Railway Company are issuing circular tickets at moderate rates for excursions to Antwerp, Brussels, Paris, Rotterdam, and along the Rhine. Spa promises to be fashionable this year, and the town authorities of the pretty Belgian resort have made extensive arrangements for entertaining visitors. The quickest and most pleasant route is viâ Harwich and Antwerp and then by rail to Spa, which is reached in about four hours. Enjoyable excursions may be made from Spa to the picturesque Ardennes, the old Flemish towns, and the dead cities of the Zuyder Zee.

To Students.—To all those who burn the "Midnight Oil," engaged in mental labour, we would recommend Cadbury's Cocoa; its comforting, exhilarating, and sustaining powers are extraordinary. Beware of imitations.—[Advt.]

CYCLE & CAMERA

Only the other day someone asked me in all seriousness, though with an apology for the question, whether it is really possible from a cycle to see anything of the country through which you are riding. This, I think, is very typical of the general ignorance which prevails on the subject of the true pleasures of cycling.

SOUVENIR OF THE SOUTHERN CAMPING MEETING: A PICTURESQUE FISHING NOOK.

Racing monopolises so much of the space given to the sport in the press that people are apt to forget it has another even more important side.

The fact is, as I have tried to emphasise already in these columns, those who best understand the possibilities of cycling are not the scorchers on the road and the race-track, but the riders who use their machine for the sake of what they see and do by the way on their short as on their long journeys.

Can you see anything by the way? Those who have toured know how many pictures, stored in their memories, they have brought back with them—pictures of the hedged and elm-shaded lanes of England, with here and there the little thatched cottages clustering around the grey church tower; of the broad white highways, with their endless lines of poplars, leading to the cities overshadowed by the great cathedrals of France; of the road twisting and turning between olives and vines to the high hill towns of Italy. Little did Mr. Ruskin realise the true end of cycling when he poured forth upon it the vials of his wrath. He, of all men, should ride a cycle, for upon it is to be had all and more of the joy which he thinks was the portion of those who travelled of old by postchaise. That very view of Abbeville which he describes so eloquently in his "Præterita" was mine, as I cycled into that town on my way from Calais to Paris; the pass which he loved best to cross when journeying into Switzerland has just been travelled over by the American tourists of Mr. Elwell's party, as it could not have been had they gone by train.

And on a cycle, can you do anything but ride? This question cannot be answered too often. If people only remembered what could be done, the number of riders would increase even more rapidly. You can combine many other sports with cycling. Take one example. The photograph of a fishing party which I publish this week was made by Mr. Thomas (of the Citizen's Studio, 121, Cheapside) last year during the Southern Counties Camp Meeting. It may be said, of course, that while camping cyclists are virtually not using their machines, and that many of their amusements are those of campers, not of cyclists. But only last week one of the cycling papers had a paragraph about the number of cyclists in their cycling clothes, with their machines waiting for them, to be seen on the banks of a certain stream fishing. A fishing-rod, made in sections, which can be folded up, can easily be carried on many safeties and tricycles; and, as for the fish which are caught, it is the exception when there are any; if there is a big haul, I think most cyclists would have the ingenuity to know how to dispose of them.

The very title of this column points to another amusement which becomes more and more closely associated with cycling, as you would quickly discover if you were to endeavour to find out how many amateur photographers are cyclists. But of some who go off on their journeys with a camera on their luggage-carrier use it solely and entirely for pastime, others turn it to good profit in their profession. I have a friend, an architect, who devoted two months last summer to cycling along the byways of Normandy, photographing the old châteaus and farmhouses which are off the tourist track, and therefore almost unknown. Anyone can imagine how great would be the value of such a collection to an architect. As for the artist, he has but to carry his sketch-book, which we know he often does, showing very effectively whether he sees the country through which he travels.

Dr. Richardson, who looks upon the Society of Cyclists, of which he is president, as a scientific body, is constantly, in one way or another, showing to what good use he thinks the cycle can be turned. He looks upon it as specially adapted to the purposes of the antiquary and archæologist. He and many of the fellows of his society are just now holding their annual congress at Lewes; and one of the most conspicuous features on their programme on these occasions is the riding to different places and buildings of historical, architectural, or archæological interest in the neighbourhood—for the congress is altogether a more serious affair than the usual annual meets of cyclists. Science is its chief end; cycling, but a means to promote study and discussion.

But seriously, the pleasure and profit to be derived from a machine are so often lost sight of, the scorcher with head down over his wheel so apt to be accepted by the public as the typical cyclist, that I think one cannot too often turn aside from current events to dwell upon the better and really, as I have called it, more important side of the sport. N. C. U.

CYCLISTS OF TO-DAY.—No. 3.

Mr G. P. MILLS. ROAD RECORDS
Ordinary bicycle: 24hrs: August 1886: 273m.
Safety bicycle: 50miles. Oct. 1886: 2.47.36
Tricycle: 50miles: Oct 1888: 2.53.25
" 100 " " " 6.58.54
" 12hours: Oct 1886: 147 miles
24hours: Sep 1887: 264 miles
Tandem Tri: (with A.J. Wilson) 50m. 2.46.3
" " (" R. Tingey) 24 hours. 298½
Land's End to John o' Groats. Tricycle miles.
Or. Bike: 1886: 5days 1hr. 45 . . 5days 10hr.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

I HAVE great pleasure this week in publishing a portrait of a

Young Lady

who by study and application had won a high place for herself in the Academic world. She is Miss Ethel Montague, the first lady student who

MISS ETHEL MONTAGUE, B.A.

has, as yet, gained first class honours at London University. In fact, it was only this year that the University of London opened its examination for honours to students in English. Miss Montague, who is now entitled to put the letters B.A. after her name, is only

Twenty-one

years of age, and was a pupil of the Girls' Day School Company in London. She passed the junior and senior Cambridge Local Exams. with honours. She also passed her matric. exam. with honours, and, in short, has had a most brilliant scholastic career. Now, there seems to me no reason why a really talented girl, who is receiving the best education the

Board School

can afford, should not, by serious study and application, rise as high as Miss Ethel Montague; and, if such a height is unattainable, why should she not fit herself for one of those posts in the Civil Service other than clerkships in the Post and Telegraph Offices now filled by men? Not that I look down on the latter—far from it. A woman cannot serve efficiently in either one department or the other without brains, and, may I add, without

Good Manners

also; but, I am sorry to say, some of the girls who weigh our parcels and serve us with stamps and money orders have much to learn in the way of civility and urbanity. I would have them remember that if "manners maketh the man," it has much to do with the making of the woman also, and I would have every one of my girl readers

Ambitious,

not to outshine her neighbour, but to *cultivate the very best that is in herself;* and, if she finds she is capable of earning £50 a year, let her not rest satisfied until she qualifies herself to earn £100—not for the mere paltry pleasure of having more money to spend, but for the satisfaction of feeling that the talents God has given her have not been allowed to lie idle.

I promised to tell you about another institution for the benefit of poor women, and I hope to do so before very long, but this week I am anxious to interest you in the

Children's Country Holiday Fund.

Every mother who lives in London must, no matter what part of the big city she lives in, have noticed the crowds of children who are perpetually tumbling over one another in the streets. Some of them look very sickly and miserable; and, if that is the case in comparatively open and healthy parts of this great overgrown town, what must they be in the stifling courts and alleys of the East-End? There are in London over

Six Hundred Thousand

Board school children! Just think of that, and think that the future welfare of an important section of the community depends upon the way those boys and girls grow up to be men and women. There is a great deal to be done, and not quite as many people to do it as one might imagine; but the reason of that is, I think, because so many of us know neither what to do nor how to do it as soon as we find out that there *is* work waiting for us. For many years children have been sent out for

A Day in the Country

in summer; but those who were really interested in the youngsters found out that a day very often did more harm than good, and the plan now is to send as many as possible away for a whole fortnight. They are boarded out in cottages, they live in the open air, they roll on the grass, they pick wild flowers, they see the cows milked and the pigs fed; and to hundreds of them who never saw cows, pigs, or even trees before the wonders of the country are inexhaustible. Some very amusing and true stories are told of the ignorance of these

Town-bred Children.

One little boy refused to drink milk, because, he said, in the country it came from the *dirty cows*, whereas in London it was taken from *nice clean tin cans!* A sharp little town-bred girl said she disliked the country because the people were always humbugging her. For one thing, they told her the chickens she saw running about *came out of eggs*, which she knew couldn't be true, for she had lived next door to an egg merchant all her life, and *she* had never seen a chicken come out of an egg!

The small sum of

Ten Shillings

sends one poor, pale-faced little London child to the country for the fortnight. Ten shillings is, perhaps, more than some of you can afford; but ten of you might manage to send one shilling each to the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, Hon. Treasurer to the Children's Country Holiday Fund, 10, Buckingham-street, Strand, and he will, I undertake to say, be very grateful to you.

There was a charming wedding last week at Sevenoaks, and I have the pleasure of giving an Illustration of one of the dresses worn by the

Bridesmaids,

taken from the *Lady's Pictorial*. There were six young ladies dressed alike in costumes of soft and pure white *crêpe de Chine*, made with panels of rich ivory surah; the bodices were also of surah, made with revers, and full waistcoats of the white *crêpe* trimmed with pearls and silver. On their heads they wore a sort of Marie Stuart coif, with long veil hanging behind. This quaint headdress was at once novel and picturesque. Their beautiful bouquets were made of deep crimson roses and maidenhair fern. Apropos of

Weddings,

everyone is interested in the marriage of Princess Louise of Wales, which takes place this very day, July 27. Mr. Horace Farquhar, the best man, gives the Royal bride a diamond tiara, which is made by Hancock, of Bond-street. The Prince of Wales gives his daughter a diamond-and-pearl necklace. In fact, diamonds positively rained upon the Princess during the past week. One of the most costly of her many beautiful gifts was a magnificent

Dressing-Case,

in which every article is mounted in hammered gold and ornamented with the letter "L" in diamonds. All the Royal tradesmen in London combined to give the Princess a present worthy of such a customer as her Royal Highness. The Princess of Wales, as might be expected, took the greatest interest in the

Bride's Trousseau,

and her orders were distributed with great impartiality between the milliners and modistes of the United Kingdom. I am told that the Princess is not provided with a great quantity of gowns, her Royal mother wisely remembering the rapid changes of fashion; but nothing was forgotten that ought to have a place in a wedding outfit provided for the granddaughter of the Queen,

BRIDESMAID'S DRESS WORN AT MISS STEWART'S WEDDING.

and eldest daughter of the heir to the English Throne.

I should be very glad, indeed, to know that none of my readers was ever obliged to employ a

Qualified Nurse

to look after them during illness. But should any of you unhappily require the services of these "ministering angels" you will, I think, be glad to know of the scheme there is on foot for the registration of nurses. At present there is nothing to prevent any certificated nurse who could be proved unworthy of the slightest trust, or one who had even been convicted of crime, from

continuing to obtain employment either upon her certificate or her professional knowledge. By a system of registration it will be impossible for a woman whose character will not bear inspection to obtain the responsible employment of nurse.

I should like to have a word with you about

Hair and Hair-Dressing,

although it may, perhaps, leave me no room to say anything about dress. But, as the prettiest frocks and the smartest hats and bonnets cannot look well if the wearer's hair is not well kept and becomingly dressed, I do not think anyone will object.

I was under the impression that the stupid fashion of

Dyeing the Hair

of some fashionable tint had quite gone out, but I read lately that at some fashionable gathering one or two of the ladies appeared with hair of the new shade, which is obtained by the judicious use of—but no! If I give the name of the stuff, perhaps you will all set to work and try it. I wonder it never occurs to these women who dye their hair that the colour *it is by nature* is the colour that suits their complexions; and that they never look really well with dyed locks. I do not want to preach to you, but I must give a word of advice. If you want to look as well and as attractive as possible, give poor

Nature a Chance.

Spend a little time and trouble upon your hair, and remember there is nothing like brushing to keep it glossy and in good order. And do not be perpetually washing it in soap and water, or soda or ammonia. Experience has taught me that combing and brushing are quite enough to keep the hair clean. And always brush your hair up or down, as hard as you like; but if it is parted down the middle beware of brushing it from the parting. If you do you will probably very soon have the latter much *wider* than you care to see it.

As regards the vexed question of

A Fringe,

I do not, myself, think that there is anything prettier or more becoming than curls on the forehead. Except on children, the Gainsborough fringe, or, as it is called in America, the "Bang," is not pretty. If you have a head of an exceptionally pretty shape, and a forehead which is not too high, you need not wear a fringe; but, if you have a high forehead and a flat crown, cut and curl your hair in front if you want to look well. Also, if you have a long face wear a curled fringe. The young ladies who study at

Girton and Newnham

generally wear their hair combed up off their foreheads. They are under the impression that it makes them look clever and intellectual; but they are wrong. A high bald forehead may go with a very poor amount of brains. By-the-way, Miss Agneta Ramsay, now Mrs. Butler, who took such high honours at Girton, wore curls on her forehead, and looked all the better for them.

Now a short but useful hint for the

Cook,

and I must say "Good-bye" for this week. When green peas, one of the most popular of our summer vegetables, are going out of season they lose the pleasant sweet flavour of those we get in the early part of the season. It may be brought back, not entirely, but to some extent, by adding a fairly sized lump of sugar to the water in which they are about to be boiled. If you ever buy

Tinned Vegetables,

try the "Oyster Bay Asparagus" sent to us from America. It is really very good, and not expensive: you get from sixty to seventy heads for about one and fourpence. Next week I hope to give some nice and inexpensive receipts.

MARGUERITE.

KEATING'S POWDER.—Kills Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles, and all Insects (perfectly unrivalled). Harmless to everything but Insects. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s.—[ADVT.]

DISTURBANCES IN CRETE.

INTELLIGENCE from Crete, bearing Sunday's date, states that the authorities of Vamos and Cidonia have been expelled by the insurgents, and that the latter have burned the archives. The Turkish and Christian peasants were seized with panic, and fled to Retymo. It is added that since the departure of Mahmoud Djelal-ed-Din Pasha, the Ottoman Commissioner, no steps have been taken by the Porte towards the pacification of the island, and that the situation has become more serious. Fears are entertained in the island that should the Ottoman Government delay conceding reforms, a coalition of parties will be effected with the object of demanding the annexation of Crete by Greece.

"IN THE WRONG BOX."

THERE is a funny story going round Washington at the expense of an impulsive and somewhat light-headed young gentleman attached to the British Legation. The youth made a couple of purchases one day, the one for himself—a matter of clothing—the other a box of roses for the adornment of the Washington belle to whom he had lost his heart. In a hasty moment he mistook the parcels, and handed the box containing the clothing to a messenger, accompanied by a note addressed to his lady-love, bidding her "Wear these this evening for my sake." The story stops there.—*Truth.*

Prince Albert Victor is to start for India on Oct. 17 by the P. and O. steamer Arcadia. The Prince, who is to be conducted by Sir Edward Bradford, will be absent from England for seven months.

Health of the Prince of Wales.—The Prince of Wales (says the *World*) is better than he was; but he has been suffering from gout in the eyes, and his leg, which had been cured for some time, has begun to trouble him again.

To assuage the ills that flesh is heir to there are many favourite medicines. Among them, "Dr. Richter's Pain Killer" may be recommended for neuralgia and rheumatism, the excruciating pains of which it allays.

COST OF ACTRESSES' DRESSES.

THE large sums which actresses spend on their stage toilettes now-a-days constitute so serious a drain on their income that one is not surprised to find Madame Marie Laurent, the clever and popular actress of the Gymnase, appealing to her manager for some addition to her salary to enable her to meet it. M. A. Lemonnier, who contributes an article on the subject to the *Journal Amusant*, states that Madame Doche, the original "Dame aux Camélias," expended £120 on the dresses which she wore in the drama, and that this piece of extravagance, as it was then considered, was the talk of Paris for a time. Sarah Bernhardt, he adds, now spends twice that amount on the toilette in which she appears in the last act alone. No doubt £240 is a large price to pay for a dress; but it seems reasonable enough when compared with that which Felix has just charged Miss Emma Abbott, the American prima donna, for a costume which she ordered of him. The cost of this *chef-d'œuvre*, on which the eminent *couturier* has exhausted, we are told, the resources of his art, reaches the, for most purses, exhausting figure of £800.

Volunteer Equipment Fund.—It is expected that the Mansion-House Volunteer Equipment Fund will reach the sum of £50,000. This falls short of the estimate of the sum necessary, but the Lord Mayor is considering a plan by which, with some contribution from the corps subsidised, full equipment of the Metropolitan Volunteer forces may be accomplished.

Glasgow's Welcome to the Queen's Prizeman.—Sergeant Reid, 1st Lanark Engineers, arrived in Glasgow last Monday night. Members of all the Glasgow regiments of Volunteers turned out and lined the way from the station into the streets of the city. Amid the cheers of many thousands of people, who crowded Buchanan-street and Sauchiehall-street, Reid was carried shoulder high at the head of a procession to the orderly-room of the Engineers, where Sir Donald Matheson, the Colonel of the regiment, welcomed him home, congratulated him on his splendid victory, and thanked him for the honour he had done to Glasgow and his corps.

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THE KENSINGTON POPULAR TELESCOPE, with 3 brass or nickel-silvered draws, Good Lenses, carries 4 to 5 miles, post-free, 2s. 3d. Ditto, 2 draws, 1s. 3d. The popular Nickel-Silver Microscope magnifies thousands of times. Shows fine muslin like thick string, post-free, 1s. 2d.

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It is specially rich in flesh-forming and strength-sustaining principles.
It contains all the delicious aroma of the Natural Article, without the excessive proportions of fat.
It is delicious, nutritious, digestible, comforting, and a refined beverage suitable for all seasons of the year.
It is a gentle stimulant, and sustains against hunger and bodily fatigue.
In the whole process of manufacturing Cadbury's Pure Cocoa, the automatic machinery employed obviates the necessity for its being once touched by the human hand.

WARNING.—When asking for Cadbury's Cocoa be careful to avoid FOREIGN COCOAS sold as pure, which are adulterated with alkali. This may be detected by the dark colour, and the scent when a tin is freshly opened.